

WHY THEY TORTURE ■ WITNESSING WHITTAKER CHAMBERS ■ DAY CARE'S VICTIMS

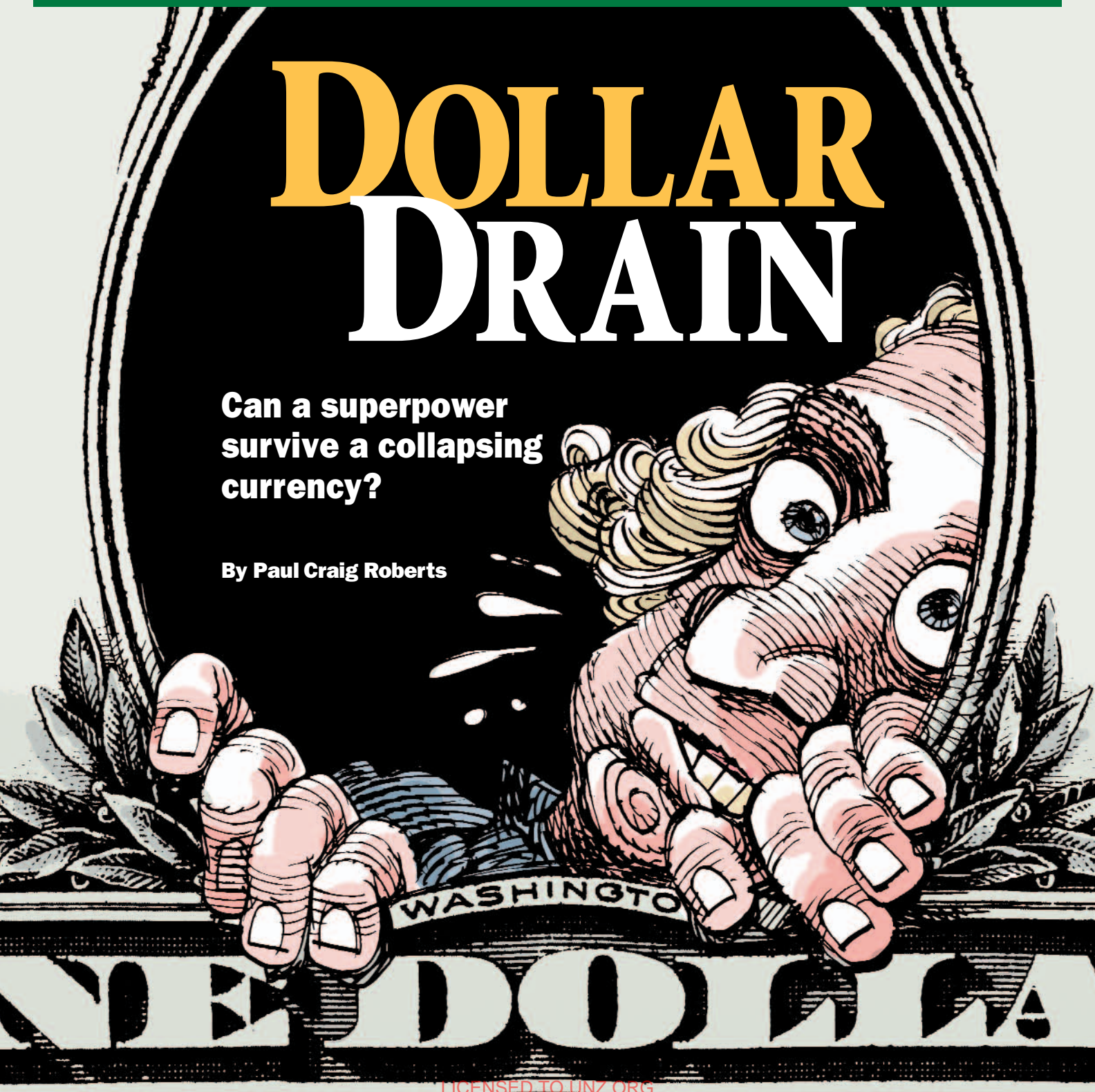
FEBRUARY 14, 2005

The American Conservative

DOLLAR DRAIN

**Can a superpower
survive a collapsing
currency?**

By Paul Craig Roberts



HEADING FOR THE EXIT

As the author of a book on a U.S. exit strategy that was reviewed in *TAC*, *US National Defense for the Twenty-First Century*, *The Grand Exit Strategy*, "Exit Strategy: How to Leave Iraq" (Jan. 17) naturally drew my attention. I found it interesting that although the phrase "exit strategy" was used on the cover and the contents page, it never appeared in Mr. Polk's article.

After reading his interesting piece, I was struck by how what he recommends constitutes what I refer to in the book as "exit tactics" rather than "exit strategy." If the U.S. follows any of the three options he outlines—staying the course, a clumsy Vietnam-style Iraqization, or a more nuanced form of Iraqization—the U.S. will be setting the stage for what could become an "Iraq syndrome" domestic counterpart to the Vietnam syndrome that has overshadowed American foreign and defense policy since the 1970s.

While that scenario is bleak, if things get bad enough to provoke a meaningful debate within the U.S.—especially among authentic conservatives—about what our proper role in world affairs should be, that could lead to the "grand exit strategy" I advocated in the book. While the U.S. may not go as far as a literal Fortress America strategic paradigm, we may well adopt a truly conservative way of putting America first again and dropping the neoconservative brand of Wilsonian interventionism that is responsible for the situation the U.S. confronts in Iraq.

EDWARD A. OLSEN
via e-mail

OLDEST FRIEND

The only thing one might add to Robert Paxton's splendid exposition (Jan. 17) of the one-sidedness of a book like *Our Oldest Enemy: A History of America's Disastrous Relationship With France* and America's knee-jerk Francophobia in general is that a culture's prejudices

invariably ride astride its religion and, more importantly, its language. Thus, largely Protestant, Anglo-Saxon speaking America instinctively bristles at the doings of (now nominally) Catholic, Latinate France, despite having fought two wars against England and none (at least none declared) against France and despite the two nations' many (usually unnoticed) mutual interests and similarities.

Before the outbreak of the Iraq War, I wrote a letter to the local paper suggesting we consider France's position on the matter as a warning, as from a true, if spoilsport, friend who is trying to prevent his buddy who has had too much to drink from driving home. It was not printed. I find it unfortunate, but inevitable, that we have inherited Albion's distaste for Gaul.

RUSSELL DESMOND
New Orleans, La.

FLUNKING FRENCH

If I were teaching American history, I would give an "F" to John J. Miller and Mark Molesky. Absent French support in our Revolutionary War, we would all be singing "God Save the Queen" before breakfast. Let me give the authors four reasons they deserve a failing grade: Caron de Beaumarchais, gunrunner extraordinaire for the cause of America's liberty; Marquis de Lafayette, stellar military aide at Brandywine and in the New Jersey and Virginia campaigns; Admiral Comte de Grasse, whose fleet blocked the Chesapeake Bay, trapping Earl Cornwallis's army at Yorktown; Comte de Rochambeau, whose gallant army helped force the British to surrender at Yorktown on Oct. 17, 1781. The French actually suffered more casualties, 389 dead, at that magnificent triumph than the American forces under the leadership of the immortal Gen. George Washington, who lost 10 officers and 289 soldiers killed or wounded.

WILLIAM HUGHES
Baltimore, Md.

AMERICAN CONSERVATIVE

I am a charter subscriber and my thanks to you are long overdue. The word "conservative" has been corrupted by those in power who claim to be on our side. Most people, however, don't know it. They are too busy simply living their lives to understand what is going on. But thanks to your magazine, I have been given much validation of my thoughts and ideas and have been able to spread them much more effectively. Many of my co-workers and family members are now starting to realize that this administration has led us down the wrong path in Iraq. This has opened their eyes to other areas in which the administration continues to lead us in the wrong direction, such as immigration and trade. I just want to thank the editors and writers of *TAC* for their incredible contribution. In time, we will be proven right—of that I have no doubt.

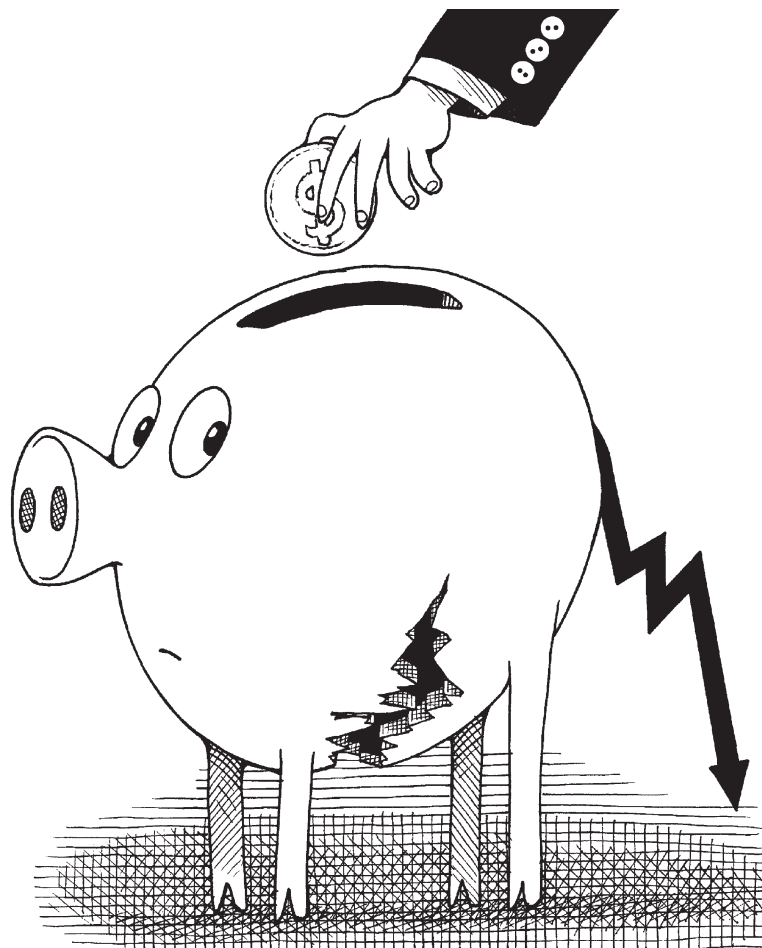
PATRICK LANZA
via e-mail

AMERICAN COWARD

Having read parts of your magazine for months now and realizing the position it espouses on foreign affairs, I do believe the title of your magazine is inappropriate. Instead of "The American Conservative" you may want to consider the title "The American Coward." This seems more in line with your "bury your head in the sand and hope they don't get mad at us" approach to foreign affairs. Certainly the term "conservative" should not be used.

STEVE KLOOSTRA
Chatham-Kent, Ontario

The American Conservative welcomes letters to the editor. Submit by e-mail to letters@amconmag.com, by fax to 703-875-3350, or by mail to 1300 Wilson Blvd., Suite 120, Arlington, VA 22209. Please include your name, address, and phone number. We reserve the right to edit all correspondence for space and clarity.



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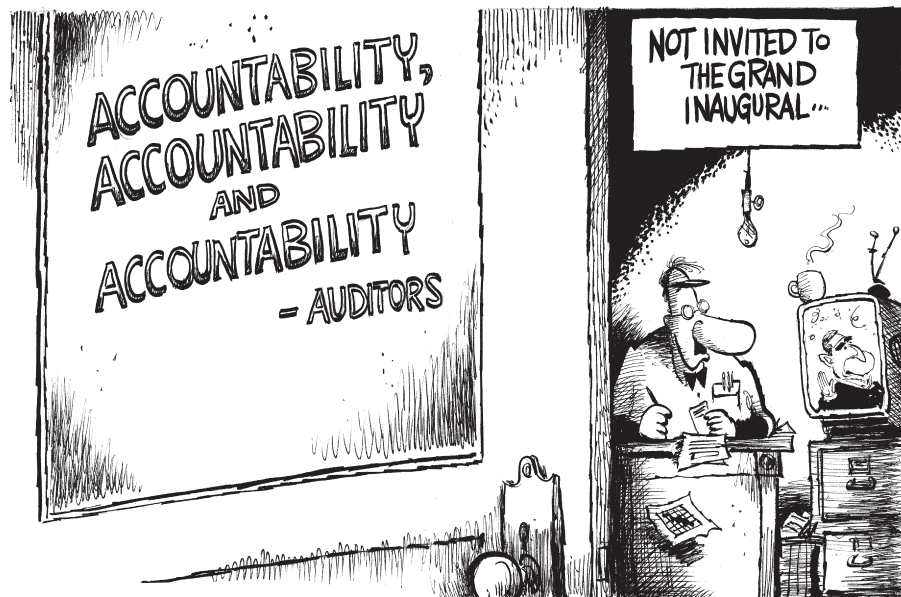
PLUS ÇA CHANGE

American Conservative readers will note some changes on our masthead. Taki Theodoracopulos will become founding editor; Pat Buchanan will take the title of editor emeritus. Both of course will continue to write regularly for the magazine. Scott McConnell is assuming the dual role of editor and publisher. These changes decidedly do not imply any shift in our editorial direction. We will be published by the same editorial staff and will pursue the same mission: put succinctly, to raise the banner for an American conservatism that neither lurches aggressively towards hegemony and empire nor acquiesces to open-borders immigration and a free-trade dogma that undermine America's living standards and shatter its culture. In the 26 months that we have been publishing, we have grown rapidly—a trend we expect to continue as the (still) regnant neoconservatism is increasingly rejected by the American people.

[POSTWAR]

ACCOUNTABILITY GAP

The 1700-member Iraq Survey Group has officially wrapped up its hunt for Saddam's weapons of mass destruction. For months, administration officials asserted that the search was still ongoing, using that excuse to circumvent pointed questions during the election season. But it is now official: everything our government said about Iraq's weapons in the months leading to war—Colin Powell's claims before the UN Security Council, George Tenet's assertion that existence of such weapons was a "slam dunk," Condoleezza Rice's musings about mushroom clouds, Dick Cheney's serial fear-mongering, George W. Bush's calls for Saddam to disarm—was false. Eggregiously false. The Pentagon's Paul Wolfowitz said the WMD were the one rationale for invasion that



everyone in the bureaucracy could agree upon—and it is a matter of record that proposals for invading Iraq were laid out many years before 9/11 as part of a strategy to create a more secure environment for Israel. But whatever the reason for the war, whatever the answer to whether administration officials knew they were spouting falsehoods or had succeeded in misleading themselves, the pretense of Saddam's WMD can now be dismissed.

Note the differences with the turmoil at CBS, where four employees were fired for their roles in airing a story substantiated by a forged document. Perhaps the same sort of zeal went into both efforts, a disabling eagerness to see evidence that wasn't there. The consequences of CBS's blunder, if any, seem remote. By contrast, as a result of the false weapons charges about Iraq, a war has killed thousands, maimed tens of thousands, strengthened terrorism in the Mideast, and may break the U.S. Army. We know that until now no one responsible has paid a price. Not Doug Feith, who set up a shop in the Pentagon to disseminate scare stories about Iraq, not Paul Wolfowitz, not Donald Rumsfeld, not Condi Rice, not Dick Cheney, not George W. Bush. Those who have paid are the dead and

wounded American soldiers and their families and the even larger toll of dead and wounded Iraqis. We wonder if those who misled America into a tragic war will forever evade accountability for what they did.

[ECONOMICS]

WHEN LEFT IS RIGHT

It's a mad, mad world and getting madder still when the Right advances government as a force for social betterment (one of the nicer characterizations of our Iraqi adventure) and the Left frets over fiscal profligacy.

The *Nation's* blog recently noted a nifty White House accounting trick: those big-spending Bushies predicted a \$521 billion deficit, but when the red ink reached only \$413 billion, rather than revising their forecast, they bragged that they had cut the deficit by the difference. According to our favorite lefties, "If the fictional \$521 billion somehow falls to \$260 billion, Bush can falsely claim he's cut the deficit in half, thus fulfilling his campaign pledge."

Not that there's much hope for that. Total \$1 trillion in tax cuts, \$500 billion for Medicare reform, another \$100 billion for the war in Iraq, \$2 trillion required to privatize Social Security, countless pork projects and sundry pro-

grams, and with nary a spending cut in sight, odds are that lockbox talk is a thing of the past.

Now it may be that the *Nation's* new role as deficit hawk derives from a chronic inability to applaud anything Republican. But whatever their reason, we find more in common with them than with GOP stalwarts like Sen. Lindsey Graham who, when asked about the budget-busting cost of the Iraq War said, "I hope they ask for something big. ... we are not going to do this on the cheap."

[JUSTICE]

GONZALES: "UNLAWFUL BUT OTHERWISE LAWFUL"

While most critics of President Bush's pick for attorney general have justifiably focused on his role in the infamous White House torture memos, other aspects of Alberto Gonzales's legal philosophy deserve similar scrutiny.

Asked at his confirmation hearings about local police enforcing federal immigration laws, Gonzales amazingly expressed his concern "about a policy that permits someone, a local law enforcement official, to use this authority somehow as a club to harass" people he described as "unlawful aliens but otherwise lawful citizens."

Quite a rhetorical trajectory here: from illegal aliens to undocumented immigrants to "lawful citizens"—the ultimate euphemism from the man bidding to be the country's top law-enforcement official.

[SCIENCE]

GIRL MATH NERDS

Poor Larry Summers, who seems to have believed that being president of Harvard gave him the license to speak his mind. But Summers obviously has not fully internalized the tenets of the great modern American civil dogma, which hold that all conceivable behavioral and other differences between genders or

groups must be the result of discrimination or acculturation and that innate abilities (genes) have absolutely nothing to do with it. (Except for homosexuality, which is entirely a matter of genes, and cultural influence plays no role at all.)

The regiments of dogma enforcement are in a tizzy because at a conference last month, Larry Summers suggested that one reason few women became top science and math professors at leading universities is innate sex differences. One female prof walked out, Harvard faculty committees sent letters of protest, and there were suggestions that alumnae would suspend donations. As of this writing, Summers still has his job.

But scholars have long puzzled why women—who tend to do on average as well or better than men on the SAT—have a much lower percentage of top math scores. One researcher who has pursued the question is Patti Hausman, whose Ph.D. thesis looked at the data of 12,000 girls in the National Longitudinal Survey of Youth. Hausman examined girls who did exceptionally well on math and spatial reasoning tests, comparing them to a control group of girls who did generally well.

The high math, high mechanical girls were different, tending to be taller, thinner, and having a later onset of menstruation. Most strikingly, they had much higher rates of miscarriages and stillbirths than the control group. Hausman's research suggests that the development of the "math" part of the brain may be inhibited by the female hormone estrogen and that women who have high math abilities have a harder time passing them on to future generations.

Of course, the science here (as Hausman herself asserts) is tentative and speculative, and the research into how hormones might affect different kinds of intelligence remains an open field. But if the dogma enforcers have their way, such research will never be carried out. ■

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Richard Nixon's Revenge

The hired hands CBS picked to investigate its "60 Minutes" debacle may deny it till the cows come home. But liberal bias ruined the career of Dan Rather—and CBS News.

The CBS of Walter Cronkite's salad days is gone. And the beginning of the fall of network news can be traced to that era, right down to the day and month.

After his address to the nation on Nov. 3, 1969 that called on the "silent majority" to stand by him for peace with honor in Vietnam was savaged by network anchors and commentators, an infuriated Richard Nixon ordered his staff to respond.

Vice President Agnew was sent to launch the counterstrike. On Nov. 13, in a speech in Des Moines that Teddy White called one of the most masterful forensic discourses in U.S. history, Agnew tore into media liberal bias and demanded to know why a tiny handful of men, elected by no one, were deciding the news for the American people.

Broadcast on all three networks, the speech was a sensation. Tens of thousands of telegrams poured into the networks and their affiliates, applauding what Agnew said. By Monday, *Newsweek* and *Time* had the network anchors on their covers. The issue of liberal bias cohabiting with immense media power was on the table. It never came off.

A week later, Agnew launched the second strike on the *Washington Post* and *New York Times*. The White House was now in a mortal struggle with the self-styled "adversary press."

Teddy White retells the story of that five-year battle in his *Making of the President, 1972*. In that year, as White reported, Nixon triumphed over the media. But in 1974, he was broken by Watergate. As he said in exile, "I gave

them a sword and they ran it right through me."

By 1975, the liberal media establishment could claim to have played a central role in bringing down a president and ending—or losing, depending on your point of view—a war. But the secondary explosions from Agnew's attacks had impacted.

What he had done was to strip the false flag of neutrality from Big Media and expose it as a co-belligerent in the political wars, no longer entitled to any immunity from attack. Reed Irvine's *Accuracy in Media* came into being to monitor the liberal press.

Then, beginning with the *New York Times*, newspapers yielded to the attacks on their fairness by creating op-ed pages and adding conservative columnists to prove to readers they were unbiased. The networks began running Left-Right debates.

Then came the talk shows. "Agronsky & Co." in Washington had tilted left. The new "McLaughlin Group," with this writer and Robert Novak joining Jack Germond and Mort Kondracke, tilted right.

In 1981, the *Washington Post's* dominance of the capital was broken by the *Washington Times*. Republicans and conservatives now saw their concerns raised in the Beltway press and could read a dozen columnists who shared their convictions and opinions.

Then, suddenly, Ted Turner's all-news cable channel was on the air. While CNN did not live up to its billing as an alternative to the Big Three liberal networks, its all-day format insured the Right would

get a hearing, "Crossfire," first of the national Left-Right daily interview-debate shows, was launched.

In the 1970s and the Reaganite 1980s, many AM stations went news-talk. Conservative commentators became popular, then dominant. In the 1990s, Rush Limbaugh exploded onto the national airwaves. Today, there are dozens of nationally syndicated radio talk shows and scores of well-known local radio commentators. Almost all are conservative, populist, or libertarian.

The 1990s saw the breaking of CNN's monopoly of cable news with the birth of MSNBC and Roger Ailes's FOX News, which is as receptive to conservatives as Howell Raines's *New York Times* was to liberals.

At the same time, the Internet came into its own. Now, millions of Americans have favorite websites and blogs they read before even picking up the morning paper or tuning in to Katie Couric.

All the while this was happening, the audience for network news was shrinking, and the steady barrage of criticism of its liberal bias from cable and conservative critics and columnists of the Right was continuing.

In September, Dan Rather, using fabricated and forged memos, fired a head shot at the president of the United States. The gun blew up in his face. The rest is history. At CBS, they know today that their power is disappearing, their audience is departing, and their credibility is shot. Conservative perseverance exposed the liberal bias, and technology killed the monopoly.

Somewhere Richard Nixon is smiling. Somewhere Spiro Agnew is laughing. I will not ask Dan Rather where they are—as he and CBS are just not "fair and balanced" on this question. ■

Hunger for Dictatorship

War to export democracy may wreck our own.

By Scott McConnell

STUDENTS OF HISTORY inevitably think in terms of periods: the New Deal, McCarthyism, “the Sixties” (1964-1973), the NEP, the purge trials—all have their dates. Weimar, whose cultural excesses made effective propaganda for the Nazis, now seems like the antechamber to Nazism, though surely no Weimar figures perceived their time that way as they were living it. We may pretend to know what lies ahead, feigning certainty to score polemical points, but we never do.

Nonetheless, there are foreshadowings well worth noting. The last weeks of 2004 saw several explicit warnings from the antiwar Right about the coming of an American fascism. Paul Craig Roberts in these pages wrote of the “brownshirting” of American conservatism—a word that might not have surprised had it come from Michael Moore or Michael Lerner. But from a Hoover Institution senior fellow, former assistant secretary of the Treasury in the Reagan administration, and one-time *Wall Street Journal* editor, it was striking.

Several weeks later, Justin Raimondo, editor of the popular Antiwar.com website, wrote a column headlined, “Today’s Conservatives are Fascists.” Pointing to the justification of torture by conservative legal theorists, widespread support for a militaristic foreign policy, and a retrospective backing of Japanese internment during World War II, Raimondo raised the prospect of “fascism with a democratic face.” His fellow libertarian, Mises Institute president Lew Rockwell, wrote a year-end piece called “The Reality of Red State Fascism,” which

claimed that “the most significant socio-political shift in our time has gone almost completely unremarked, and even unnoticed. It is the dramatic shift of the red-state bourgeoisie from leave-us-alone libertarianism, manifested in the Congressional elections of 1994, to almost totalitarian statist nationalism. Whereas the conservative middle class once cheered the circumscribing of the federal government, it now celebrates power and adores the central state, particularly its military wing.”

I would argue that Rockwell—who makes the most systematic argument of the three—overstates the libertarian component of the 1994 Republican victory, which could just as readily be credited to heartland rejection of the ’60s cultural liberalism that came into office with the Clintons. And it is difficult to imagine any scenario, after 9/11, that would not lead to some expansion of federal power. The United States was suddenly at war, mobilizing to strike at a Taliban government on the other side of the world. The emergence of terrorism as the central security issue had to lead, at the very least, to increased domestic surveillance—of Muslim immigrants especially. War is the health of the state, as the libertarians helpfully remind us, but it doesn’t mean that war leads to fascism.

But Rockwell (and Roberts and Raimondo) is correct in drawing attention to a mood among some conservatives that is at least latently fascist. Rockwell describes a populist Right website that originally rallied for the impeachment of Bill Clinton as “hate-filled ... advocating

nuclear holocaust and mass bloodshed for more than a year now.” One of the biggest right-wing talk-radio hosts regularly calls for the mass destruction of Arab cities. Letters that come to this magazine from the pro-war Right leave no doubt that their writers would welcome the jailing of dissidents. And of course it’s not just us. When *USA Today* founder Al Neuharth wrote a column suggesting that American troops be brought home sooner rather than later, he was blown away by letters comparing him to Tokyo Rose and demanding that he be tried as a traitor. That mood, Rockwell notes, dwarfs anything that existed during the Cold War. “It celebrates the shedding of blood, and exhibits a maniacal love of the state. The new ideology of the red-state bourgeoisie seems to actually believe that the US is God marching on earth—not just godlike, but really serving as a proxy for God himself.”

The warnings from these three writers would have been significant even if they had not been complemented by what for me was the most striking straw in the wind. Earlier this month the *New York Times* published a profile of Fritz Stern, the now retired but still very active professor of history at Columbia University and one of my first and most significant mentors. I met Stern as an undergraduate in the spring of 1974. His lecture course on 20th-century Europe combined intellectual lucidity and passion in a way I had never imagined possible. It led me to graduate school, and if I later became diverted from academia

into journalism, it was no fault of his. In grad school, I took his seminars and he sat on my orals and dissertation committee. As was likely the case for many of Stern's students, I read sections of his books *The Politics of Cultural Despair* and *The Failure of Illiberalism* again and again in my early twenties, their phraseology becoming imbedded in my own consciousness.

Stern had emigrated from Germany as a child in 1938 and spent a career exploring how what may have been Europe's most civilized country could have turned to barbarism. Central to his work was the notion that the readiness to abandon democracy has deep cultural roots in German soil and that many Europeans, not only Germans, yearned for the safeties and certainties of something like fascism well before the emergence of fascist parties. One could not come away from his classes without a sense of the fragility of democratic systems, a deep gratitude for their success in the Anglo-American world, and a wary belief that even here human nature and political circumstance could bring something else to the fore.

I DON'T THINK THERE ARE YET **REAL FASCISTS IN THE ADMINISTRATION**, BUT THERE IS CERTAINLY NOW **A CONSTITUENCY FOR THEM**—HUNGRY TO BOMB FOREIGNERS AND **SMASH THOSE AMERICANS** WHO MIGHT OBJECT.

He is not a man of the Left. He would have been on the Right side of the spectrum of the Ivy League professoriat—seriously anticommunist, and an open and courageous opponent of university concessions to the “revolutionary students” of 1968. He might have described himself as a conservative social democrat, of the sort that might plausibly gravitate toward neoconservatism. An essay of his in *Commentary* in the mid-1970s drew my attention to the magazine for the first time.

But he did not go further in that direction, perhaps understanding something about the neocons that I missed at the time. One afternoon in the early 1980s, during a period when I was reading *Commentary* regularly and was beginning to write for it, he told me, clearly enjoying the pun, that my views had apparently “Kristolized.”

It is impossible to overstate my pleasure at being on the same side of the barricades with him today. That side is, of course, that of the antiwar movement; the side of a conservatism (or liberalism) that finds Bush's policies reckless and absurd and the neoconservatives who inspire and implement them deluded and dangerous. In the past year, I had seen Stern's letters to the editor in the *Times* (“Now the word ‘freedom’ has become a newly invoked justification for the occupation of a country that did not attack us, whose people have not greeted our soldiers as liberators. ... The world knows that all manner of traditional rights associated with freedom are threatened in our own country. ... The essential element of a democratic society—trust—has been weakened, as

secrecy, mendacity and intimidation have become the hallmarks of this administration. ... Now ‘freedom’ is being emptied of meaning and reduced to a slogan. But one doesn't demean the concept without injuring the substance.”) In the profile of him in the *Times*, he sounds an alarm of the very phenomenon Roberts, Raimondo, and Rockwell are speaking about openly.

To an audience at the Leo Baeck Institute, on the occasion of receiving a prize from Germany's foreign minister, Stern

noted that Hitler had seen himself as “the instrument of providence” and fused his “racial dogma with Germanic Christianity.” This “pseudo-religious transfiguration of politics ... largely ensured his success.” The *Times*' Chris Hedges asked Stern about the parallels between Germany then and America now. He spoke of national mood—drawing on a lifetime of scholarship that saw fascism coming from below as much as imposed by elites above. “There was a longing in Europe for fascism before the name was ever invented... for a new authoritarianism with some kind of religious orientation and above all a greater communal belongingness. There are some similarities in the mood then and the mood now, although significant differences.”

This is characteristic Stern—measured and precise—but signals to me that the warning from the libertarians ought not be simply dismissed as rhetorical excess. I don't think there are yet real fascists in the administration, but there is certainly now a constituency for them—hungry to bomb foreigners and smash those Americans who might object. And when there are constituencies, leaders may not be far behind. They could be propelled into power by a populace ever more frustrated that the imperialist war it has supported—generally for the most banal of patriotic reasons—cannot possibly end in victory. And so scapegoats are sought, and if we can't bomb Arabs into submission, or the French, domestic critics of Bush will serve.

Stern points to the religious (and more explicitly Protestant) component in the rise of Nazism—but I don't think the proto-fascist mood is strongest among the so-called Christian Right. The critical letters this magazine receives from self-identified evangelical Christians are almost always civil in tone; those from Christian Zionists may quote Scripture about the Israeli-Palestinian

dispute in ways that are maddeningly nonrational and indisputably pre-Enlightenment—but these are not the letters foaming with a hatred for those with the presumption to oppose George W. Bush's wars for freedom and democracy. The genuinely devout are perhaps less inclined to see the United States as "God marching on earth."

Secondly, it is necessary to distinguish between a sudden proliferation of fascist tendencies and an imminent danger. There may be, among some neo-cons and some more populist right-wingers, unmistakable antidemocratic tendencies. But America hasn't yet experienced organized street violence against dissenters or a state that is willing—in an unambiguous fashion—to jail its critics. The administration certainly has its far Right ideologues—the *Washington Post's* recent profile of Alberto Gonzales, whose memos are literally written for him by Cheney aide David Addington, provides striking evidence. But the Bush administration still seems more embarrassed than proud of its most authoritarian aspects. Gonzales takes some pains to present himself as an opponent of torture; hypocrisy in this realm is perhaps preferable to open contempt for international law and the Bill of Rights.

And yet the very fact that the f-word can be seriously raised in an American context is evidence enough that we have moved into a new period. The invasion of Iraq has put the possibility of the end to American democracy on the table and has empowered groups on the Right that would acquiesce to and in some cases welcome the suppression of core American freedoms. That would be the titanic irony of course, the mother of them all—that a war initiated under the pretense of spreading democracy would lead to its destruction in one of its very birthplaces. But as historians know, history is full of ironies. ■

A Tale of Two States

America's future is either Texas or California.

By Steve Sailer

THE EVENTUAL FATES of the Republican and Democratic Parties rest upon whether the United States will become more like California or Texas, our two most populous states.

Now that California is a bastion of liberalism, having given the Democratic presidential candidates victory margins of 10 to 13 points in each of the last four elections, it's easy to forget that Republican hopefuls carried the state nine times out of ten from 1952 through 1988. Indeed, California's GOP paladins, Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan, were on the national ticket seven times in this stretch, winning all but once.

In contrast, Texas, while not utterly loyal to the old Democratic solid South (Dwight Eisenhower won the state in 1952 and 1956.), voted Democratic in four out of five elections as recently as 1960 through 1976. Yet the state has gone Republican the last seven times, with the Bushes of Texas on the GOP slate on six occasions.

Texas and California epitomize America's red-blue divisions, which since the election have elicited more name-calling and chest beating than hard thinking about why such apparently stable regional differences have emerged in this decade.

In reality, the Electoral College divide grows out of discordances over the fundamentals of social life: marriage and children. In 2004, Bush carried the 19 states with the highest expected lifetime fertility rate among non-Hispanic white women. Even more strikingly, he won the 25 states where white women are married the most number of years.

Why the correlations? Consider how different one well-known issue can seem depending on your family structure: should the government let the Boy Scouts ban gay men from becoming scoutmasters? To voters who are single or married but childless or have only daughters this often appears as a purely abstract question of justice: of course everybody should be guaranteed equal opportunity to be a scoutmaster. Yet to citizens with sons, a ban may seem like a common-sense precaution against temptation: of course homosexuals shouldn't be allowed to lead their boys into the woods overnight.

Both the marriage and fertility factors are probably tied to another statistic that correlates remarkably well with the 2004 voting. Bush won the 26 states with the least inflation in housing prices between 1980 and 2004. While the arrow of causality no doubt points in multiple directions, it's plausible that the price of a house with a yard can sometimes make the difference between whether or not young adults start down the road to marriage, children, and voting Republican.

In turn, the sizable gap between home prices in expensive blue and affordable red America appears rooted in their dissimilar landscapes, as vividly illustrated by coastal California and expansive Texas.

Understanding why California and Texas have become so politically polarized is crucial for making sense of intra-Republican disputes as well. For example, the insouciant obsession of Texans George W. Bush and Karl Rove with opening the borders to an unlimited number of guest workers strikes many

of the surviving California Republicans as political suicide. Not only are the immigrants and their children much less likely to vote Republican than are natives—according to the corrected Texas exit poll, Bush's margin among Hispanics was 50 points worse than among whites; in California, he ran 35 points worse—but heavy immigration raises the cost of homes and makes public schools less attractive, which makes the Republicanizing processes of marriage and childrearing less feasible.

Yet the lessons of recent political history look much different from the Bush Ranch in Crawford, Texas. Just like California, Texas was 32 percent Latino in the 2000 census, but that hasn't hurt the Bush family fortunes.

That's partly due to the lower rate of immigration into Texas: in the last census, only 14 percent of the Lone Star State's residents were foreign-born, compared to 26 percent of the Golden State's. Many Texas Hispanics are from families that have lived in the Rio Grande Valley since the Alamo. Others, especially in San Antonio, are the scions of conservative middle-class Mexican families that fled the radical Mexican Revolution fourscore years ago. Finally, many of the more recent immigrants are from the relatively prosperous Monterey region in northeast Mexico, the homeland of Vicente Fox's business-oriented PAN. In contrast, California's Latinos tend to trace their roots back to poorer central and southern Mexico, where the PRI machine and the leftist PRD are strongest.

Still, the most politically vital differences between Texas and California are in the impact of immigration on non-Hispanic white voters.

The red-blue distinction is often described in shorthand as rural-urban, but the 2000 census revealed that 79 percent of all Americans live in urban areas (broadly defined), so there is relatively little variation by state. California is the

most urbanized state at 94 percent, but Texas is also above average at 83 percent urban. Overall, the urban-blue correlation is spotty at best. For example, Utah, the reddest state, is 88 percent urban, while Vermont, the third bluest, is the least urban at only 38 percent.

There's a far better fit between Bush's share of the vote and lack of real estate inflation. In Texas, where Republicans have grown in strength over the decades, housing prices are up only 89 percent since 1980—the second lowest growth rate in the country. Only Oklahoma has had less housing inflation. In California, however, home prices are up 315 percent since 1980. First is John Kerry's Massachusetts at 516 percent.

Home inflation in Texas over the last two-dozen years has been especially low because 1980 was near the peak of the oil boom, but then, real estate prices were high in California in 1980 too.

This restrained land-price growth for Texas reflects a bedrock geographic reality about the metropolises of Texas and of red states as a whole. Red-state cities simply have more land available for suburban and exurban expansion because most of them are inland and thus not hemmed in by water, unlike the typical blue-state city, which is on an ocean or a Great Lake.

Look at the 50 most populous metropolitan areas in the country. Of the ones in blue states, 73 percent of their population live in cities such as New York, Los Angeles, and Chicago, where physical growth is restricted by unbridgeable water, compared to only 19 percent of the population of the biggest red-state metropolises, such as Dallas, Atlanta, and Phoenix.

The law of supply and demand controls housing prices. The greater supply of available land for suburban expansion in red metropolises keeps house prices down.

Contrast the Dallas-Fort Worth conurbation, the largest in red America, to San

Francisco, culturally the bluest spot on the entire map.

Exurban Dallas-Fort Worth can expand outward around 360 degrees of flat, adequately watered land, easily bulldozed into lots and streets. In sharp divergence, San Francisco sits on a peninsula, with the Pacific Ocean to the west, the San Francisco Bay to the east, and mountain ranges to the north and south. This makes for superb scenery, but also for vastly expensive homes within an hour's commute of downtown San Francisco. (Amusingly, there is even a correlation between the quality of the views in a city and the local enthusiasm for environmentalist Democratic candidates. Scenic views create liberal views. On average, the denizens of hilly San Francisco can see farther from their backyards than the residents of flat Dallas, so they are more inclined toward not-in-my-backyard opposition to unsightly developments.)

San Francisco, therefore, fills up with two kinds of people who don't need as much space per paycheck—singles, most famously gays, and immigrants from countries where families don't expect American-style square footage. Neither is likely to vote Republican. The Chinese in San Francisco might have conservative social views, but, as journalist Arthur Hu has perceptively pointed out, they tend to take their voting cues from their native neighbors, who are more often than not quite liberal.

White heterosexual couples who meet in San Francisco know that if they want to marry and have several children, they will likely have to leave this adult Disneyland of scenic beauty and superb restaurants and move inland, perhaps as far as the hot, smoggy, and dull Central Valley. The ones who do make this sacrifice to have children are more likely to become Republicans, but the ones who stay will likely vote Democratic.

Overall, I don't see much point in living in California unless you reside in the mellow coastal climate zone that runs from the beach to the first range of tall mountains. The Central Valley is dreary, and California's deserts are strangely unattractive compared to inland states without the hassles of California's budget disaster. This makes competition for the relatively small amount of level land along the ocean ferocious, which is one reason that Californians' reactions to the enormous influx of illegal aliens in recent decades has been more negative than Texans'.

If immigration into the Los Angeles basin means that if you want a spouse and kids you will have to leave the wonderful Mediterranean climate zone of L.A. and move over the 10,000-foot tall San Gabriel Mountains into the searing hot winds of the Palmdale exurb, well, you might feel bitter, too.

In comparison to California, the immense eastern half of Texas is all about equally mediocre. Unlike the western half of Texas, it has enough water and the climate is survivable with air conditioning, but that's about all you can say for it (other than that there is some pleasant hill country around Austin, which, not surprisingly, is the scenic blue dot in the middle of the broad red plains of Texas). If too many illegal aliens drive you from a suburb of Dallas or Houston to an exurb, well, no big loss. The terrain is all flat and hot.

As recently as 1990, non-Hispanic white women in California had higher fertility rates than did their counterparts in Texas, averaging 1.93 babies compared to Texas's 1.85. Over the next dozen years, though, California's white fertility rate dropped 14.4 percent to 1.65 babies. Not surprisingly, the continuing affordability of a house with a yard in Texas helped the fertility rate there grow 4.3 percent to 1.93 in 2002.

All this suggests the GOP should search out new pro-marriage and probabies strategies for growing more Republican voters. For example:

- Deep-six Bush's open-borders plan. Driving land prices up and wages down by flooding the country with foreigners would mean that more potential Republican voters couldn't afford to get married and start families.
- Appeal to Hispanics as family-values voters, not as an aggrieved ethnic bloc to be bought off with more immigration and more quotas.
- Oppose the Democrats' NIMBY environmentalism with a Theodore Roosevelt-descended pro-family conservatism that makes it more attractive for Americans to get out and camp in our great outdoors. (Having a family can seem more affordable when people expect to vacation in tents as well as hotels.)

- Figure out faster ways for young people to get educated so they can marry and start families sooner. Most jobs don't take endless academic dithering. My wife, for example, became a computer programmer after a seven-month course.
- Make the ultra-Republican Great Basin and Great Plains more habitable. They may need water piped in, at vast public expense, from the Canadian Rockies. Or how about a 120 mph speed limit so their residents can conveniently speed off to a sinful big blue city for a fun weekend now and then?
- Finally, because Democrats win when Americans don't marry and don't have children, publicly label them as what they are: the party that thrives on loneliness. ■

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Dollar Drain

Can we remain a superpower with a collapsing currency?

By Paul Craig Roberts

FEW AMERICANS REALIZE that their country's superpower status rests heavily on the dollar's role as the world's reserve currency. Shorn of its reserve currency role, the United States—with its massive trade and budget deficits, high indebtedness, declining currency, hollowed out manufacturing capability, and diplomatic isolation—would cut a poor figure in the world.

The dollar's role as reserve currency is jeopardized by the record growth of the U.S. trade deficit since 1990. Economists have not paid sufficient attention to this widening trade deficit, perhaps

because they believe they have heard it all before. The 1980s were replete with doom and gloom about the "Reagan deficits." The Reagan economy continued on its merry way, however, and after rising for a few years, American trade deficits declined to insignificance.

Since 1990, however, our trade deficits have grown continuously, reaching \$500 billion in 2003 and \$600 billion in 2004. The excess of U.S. imports over exports between 1990 and 2004 has conveyed \$3.3 trillion of U.S. equities (including entire companies), real estate, and government and corporate bonds

into foreign ownership. Consequently, the income from these assets accrues to foreigners. As trade deficits mount, the share of American income paid to foreigners grows. Large and sustained trade deficits thus cause an explosive growth in our indebtedness to foreigners.

The outpouring of dollars resulting from U.S. imports, payments to foreigners from their American investments, and funds sent by immigrants to relatives in their homelands creates an enormous supply of dollars in foreign hands. Any other currency would have collapsed from oversupply. Being the reserve currency, however, the dollar is guaranteed a high level of demand. Foreign central banks keep their reserves in dollars, and oil-producing states bill their customers in dollars, which requires other countries to exchange their currencies for dollars in order to pay for their oil imports.

The problem arises when foreigners perceive foreign claims on U.S. income to be rising faster than our gross domestic product. As the chart below shows, the U.S. trade deficit has been growing

rapidly. During the past year, our cumulative trade deficit increased by \$600 billion, or 22 percent. In 2003, the cumulative deficit increased by \$500 billion, or by 23 percent. These obligations, which imply payouts, are growing more than five times faster than the U.S. economy. Foreign owners, like some American multinationals, are able to use accounting methods to understate their U.S. earnings for tax purposes, but the unsustainable growth in obligations is apparent from the chart.

The prospect of building up more claims to U.S. income than can be met results in a growing reluctance to hold more dollar assets. The depreciation of the dollar against gold, the euro, the Japanese yen, and the British pound reflects investors' efforts to protect their wealth from dollar decline. The past two years have seen reduced willingness by private investors to accumulate U.S. government bonds. It is foreign central banks, primarily in Japan and China, that are supporting the dollar by purchasing U.S. government bonds.

The question is how much longer Japan and China will add to their depreciating portfolios of U.S. government-issued bonds. Both countries support the dollar—China by pegging its currency to the dollar and Japan by exchange market intervention—in order to continue to gain American market share in goods and services. By keeping the dollar overvalued with respect to their own currencies, Japan and China have taken many jobs and much industry from America.

Japan and China's combined holdings of dollar investments are \$1.5 trillion and rising. The dollar's decline of 70 percent against gold and 53 percent against the euro means that Japan and China are paying a high cost for their dollar holdings. At what point does this cost exceed the benefit of gaining or maintaining market share?

On Dec. 4, 2004, the *New York Times* reported that this question is worrying Masatsugu Asakawa, a top official in the Japanese Ministry of Finance who is responsible for managing Japan's \$720 billion portfolio of U.S. government bonds. The Princeton-educated Asakawa says he has been losing sleep over the dollar's fall. A 10 percent fall in the dollar reduces his portfolio's real value by \$72 billion. Asakawa sleeps with a currency monitor by his bedside that beeps him awake every time the dollar falls. Lately, that has been often.

Soaring U.S. borrowing from abroad also concerns the Chinese government. In a short period of time, China has acquired a stockpile of \$600 billion. Recently, Chinese Prime Minister Wen Jiabao asked, "Shouldn't the relevant authorities be doing something about this [depreciating dollar]?" Japan and China's trade surpluses with the U.S. have become a two-edged sword for them. They delight in their share of U.S. markets but fear that the dollar's decline will eat up the value of their dollar holdings.



A popular explanation for Japan and China's willingness to accumulate dollars is that both countries are so deeply into dollars that they cannot afford to dump them. But the dollar is declining regardless. How long before a smaller Asian country decides it has had enough and sells off its dollar portfolio, or OPEC decides to bill oil in euros? Either action could start a run on the dollar that would be catastrophic for U.S. incomes and power.

To avert a crisis, the U.S. would have to increase its exports relative to imports by selling more abroad and buying less from other countries. Another piece of a confidence-building strategy would be to reduce the budget deficit, thus reducing the supply of new government bonds. Can we accomplish these essentials? Not in our present state of hubris and delusion. A country that sees itself as a superpower that can impose its will is unlikely to be aware of its peril.

U.S. imports are currently about 1.5 times higher than exports. Moreover, American producers are losing, not gaining, market share. Every time a U.S.-based company outsources goods and services, it turns domestic production into imports. Half of our trade deficit with China represents U.S. offshore production. Seventy percent of the goods on Wal-Mart's shelves are made in China. U.S. consumers are dependent on imported products. As imports rise with consumption, reducing imports means Americans must consume less.

Reducing the trade deficit by exporting more is also problematic. The U.S. has lost entire industries and technologies and is unable to close its trade deficit by increasing its share of world exports. Despite the jubilation over productivity growth, there has been no increase in America's share of world exports.

Having foolishly given away our education, agriculture, industry, and technology, we have no prospect of closing

our massive trade deficit without a fall in incomes, whether absolute or relative to the rest of the world. The adjustment will come as a result of more dollar devaluation, rising import prices, and falling U.S. incomes due to the dollar's decline and job losses. The longer China is able to maintain its artificial currency peg to the dollar, the harder America's fall will be.

The dollar's value would strengthen if the federal government balanced its budget and if Americans consumed a smaller percentage of their incomes and

political currency and unproven. The Chinese have pegged to the dollar in order to gain world market share. By irresponsibly wrecking the dollar, the U.S. is leading the international financial system toward crisis.

Aware of the dollar's plight and the interest-rate implications, why have markets not moved U.S. interest rates higher? Low short-term rates can be explained by investors moving away from long-term bonds into money-market funds and short-term debt instruments in order to protect against

SEVENTY PERCENT OF THE GOODS AT WAL-MART ARE MADE IN CHINA. U.S. CONSUMERS ARE DEPENDENT ON IMPORTED PRODUCTS. AS IMPORTS RISE WITH CONSUMPTION, REDUCING IMPORTS MEANS AMERICANS MUST CONSUME LESS.

saved more. But can the U.S. government restore budget balance while fighting wars, cutting taxes, and expanding spending? Unlikely. Can Americans save more when they are loaded up with debt service and experiencing stagnant or falling real incomes? Unlikely.

Foreigners will not continue to lend to us at the current interest rates. Interest rates will have to rise on U.S. government bonds in order to compensate for the declining dollar, and when interest rates rise, what happens to construction, real-estate prices, and the indebted households holding variable-rate mortgages that have spent their home equity?

The dollar's sharp decline over the past year is evidence that the world realizes that U.S. trade deficits are unsustainable. The dollar's decline would have been even more dramatic if there had been an alternative in the wings to serve as reserve currency. The Japanese economy is large, but the Japanese government has made it clear it does not want the reserve currency role. The euro has come on the scene, but it is a

capital losses from rising interest rates. Such a move should raise long-term interest rates. During President Bush's first year in office, however, the Treasury stopped issuing 30-year bonds. The reduction in supply offset reduced demand, leaving interest rates low.

It is harder to explain why lenders are accepting such low interest rates on 30-year mortgages. Perhaps the explanation is credit abundance from a Federal Reserve disarmed by low prices and minimal inflation resulting from offshore production. With near-zero interest rates in short-term markets, mortgages offer investors at least some income, but the risk of capital loss is high.

The overabundant supply of dollars has increased the risk of dollar-denominated investments, for both currency and interest-rate reasons. The real-estate market, bond market, and stock market are all vulnerable.

This vulnerability of wealth comes on top of the vulnerability of income. American jobs in tradable goods and services are being sent abroad, and job growth is

confined to domestic services that pay less than the jobs that are outsourced. The ladders of upward mobility are being dismantled and the middle class is threatened. When the crisis comes, it will be political as well as economic.

The superficiality of American news reporting masks the threat to U.S. jobs. Seldom do reports delve beyond the aggregate new jobs figure released each month by the Bureau of Labor Statistics. The Jan. 7 announcement of December's 157,000 new jobs, although a lower figure than expected, sounds reassuring. But the real news is in the composition of the jobs figure: the jobs being created are concentrated in state and local education, food services and bars, health care and social assistance, construction, administrative and waste services (mainly temporary help), and wholesale and retail trade.

Charles McMillion of MBG Information Services in Washington, D.C. has tabulated job growth and losses from

cent respectively. Employment has declined 36.7 percent in textile mills and 41.9 percent in apparel.

These losses are extraordinary for a four-year period. They represent devastating reductions in skills and industrial capacity, and while feel-good armchair economists may attribute these job cuts to higher productivity, most reflect plant closings caused by offshore production and foreign competition.

The information and high-tech knowledge sectors that economists promised would take the place of the manufacturing sector in the "new economy" have failed to perform their assigned role. Since January 2001, the information sector has lost 547,000 jobs, with telecommunications being especially hard hit, and 102,000 jobs have left professional and business services. These losses are net losses from existing levels. They do not include jobs lost to Americans when U.S. firms outsourced new jobs abroad.

different internal cost ratios of producing different goods in different countries.

Neither of these conditions holds in today's world. Capital and technology are as internationally mobile as traded goods. Modern production functions are based on acquired knowledge and result in identical cost ratios regardless of location. Consequently, outsourcing and offshore production are based on absolute advantage, not on comparative advantage, and trade based on absolute advantage is not mutually beneficial to the well-being of the countries involved. Instead of mutual gains, there are winners and losers.

Economists cannot understand the present because they are lost in the past. The latest work in trade theory by Ralph E. Gomory and William J. Baumol demonstrates that there are inherent conflicts in international trade. Productivity gains always benefit the country experiencing them but do not always benefit that country's trading partners. Developed countries can experience a decline in their well-being by transferring their capital and technology to less developed countries. Yet most economists continue to assume, mistakenly, that the U.S. benefits from transferring capital and technology to China and other parts of Asia.

Economists are secure in their delusion that America benefits from moving its economic capabilities offshore, just as neoconservatives are secure in their delusion of America's permanent superpower grandeur. Deluded people are incapable of dealing with crises. ■

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DURING PRESIDENT BUSH'S FIRST TERM, **EMPLOYMENT HAS DECLINED** 36.7 PERCENT IN **TEXTILE MILLS** AND 41.9 PERCENT IN **APPAREL**.

January 2001 through December 2004. During President Bush's first term, the aggregate record is a net loss of 1,010,000 private-sector jobs—this over one year of recession followed by three years of "recovery." But the job losses in the tradable-goods sector are astounding. The manufacturing sector has lost 2,693,000 jobs. Employment in primary metals and fabricated metal products has declined by 23.6 percent and 14.2 percent respectively. Machinery production has lost 19.8 percent of its work force. Employment in computer and peripheral equipment, communications equipment, semiconductors and electronic components, and electrical equipment and appliances has fallen 29.3, 37.9, 36.7, and 23.4 per-

Interest groups and their spokesmen, who cloak themselves in free-trade rhetoric, cannot reconcile the dollar's collapse with their claim that the U.S. benefits from outsourcing and an open economy. If America benefits from globalism, shouldn't the dollar's strength reflect it? If there are mutual gains from free trade, why can't the U.S. economy create jobs in traded goods and services?

Outsourcing, offshore production for home markets, and rigged currency values are not included in the case for free trade. The free-trade case is based on the principle of comparative advantage, which carries two conditions: (1) the immobility of capital across national borders relative to traded goods, and (2)

I Witness

My life with Whittaker Chambers during the Hiss trial and after

By Ralph de Toledano

AT ONE OF THOSE DEADLY rubber-chicken dinners, Clare Boothe Luce said to me, “When I meet a great man, a little bell inside of me goes ding! ding! ding!” She was not amused when I asked if the bell had dinged for Whittaker Chambers, and she huffily replied that she was referring to Winston Churchill. She was not putting Whittaker down. But like many in her social stratum, she would have preferred if he were not quite so paunchy and rumped. Take 40 pounds off, put him in a Brooks Brothers suit, and she would more likely have considered his greatness. Alger Hiss may have been a traitor, but he was slim, debonair, and his snap-brim hat always snapped.

The time was well past the sweltering August day when Whittaker Chambers, one of *Time/Life*’s ranking editors, testified before the House Un-American Activities Committee, naming a round dozen members of a high-level Communist cell in the federal government and firing a shot that echoed for years. That list included Alger Hiss, once a rising star in the State Department as director of the Office of Special Political Affairs, secretary-general of the San Francisco conference that launched the United Nations, adviser to FDR at Yalta, and then president of the prestigious Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

Two days later, at his own request, an urbane and condescending Alger Hiss testified before HUAC. He not only denied that he had been a member of a Communist cell, but also that he had ever met “a man named Whittaker Chambers.” Only Richard Nixon, a

freshman member of HUAC, pushed a panicked committee to continue its investigation, arguing that details of Hiss’s private life being provided by Chambers could only come from someone with an intimate knowledge of him.

Pressed to the wall, Hiss finally admitted that he had known Chambers as George Crosley, a “deadbeat” writer, though he insisted for a time that he could not make a positive identification until he knew the name of Whittaker’s dentist. Stripped of his defense, Hiss challenged Chambers to repeat his charges where they were not privileged so he could take libel action. Chambers did so on “Meet the Press,” and Hiss sued. In taking Whittaker’s deposition, Hiss’s lawyers demanded proof that Hiss was a member of a Communist cell. Chambers produced a stack of classified State Department documents copied on Hiss’s Woodstock typewriter and four memos in his handwriting. It was now a case of espionage, and since the statute of limitations under the Espionage Act had run out, Hiss was indicted for perjury.

As a *Newsweek* National Affairs editor, I had from the start been writing the stories on the Hiss-Chambers case, and they caught the attention of a publisher who signed me to do a book. I then set out to dig deeper. First step: talk to the protagonists. But Hiss’s lawyers said nay (“We can’t expose him to a Red-baiter”), and Chambers was talking to no one. A mutual friend interceded for me. “Talk to Toledano,” he said. “You can trust him.” Chambers called me, and I invited him to dinner. He arrived at 7

p.m., rumped, out of breath, looking slightly apprehensive.

“*Está en su casa*,” I said, and at those Spanish words of welcome Whittaker relaxed. He did not leave until well after 1 a.m. In that time, he fleshed out much that was missing from the news accounts of his recruitment and activities in the *apparat*. At the start, he warned me that he would “fuzz up” some names and details so as not to involve those not relevant to the case. When he mentioned a prominent literary agent who had been in the underground party and I said, “Maxim Lieber,” he gave me a sharp look. When he referred to the house in Greenwich Village where the microfilm had been processed, I said, “17 Gay Street” and named the owner. Again, he looked at me sharply. For a time, he suspected that I too had been in the underground. When we became friends, he realized that I had learned much as an investigative reporter on the “subversive beat.”

What he spoke of that night went far beyond the police aspect of the case and to its greater significance. It was a microcosm of the conflict between the God-based West and the secularist Marxist-Leninist East, a struggle for the soul of man. The freedoms under attack by what Hiss represented were a political reading of the Bible. Without God, all political and moral license was permissible. As I listened and learned, the little bell began to ring.

In the weeks before the trial, he was summoned to New York for the unremitting probe of what for years he had tried

to forget, by FBI agents who called him “Uncle Whit” and by an outsize prosecutor, Tom Murphy, who would only say of himself, “My brother is the pitcher Johnny Murphy; I prosecuted some Nazi spies during the war; my clothes are made by Omar, the Tent-Maker; and I like to read Proust in the French.” After

aside once. “Toledano,” he said, “my wife reads your *Newsweek* stories, and she said to me this morning, ‘Lloyd, you’re just a ham.’ But I really feel it.” It was an expensive feeling; after the jury hung the first trial—the foreman had been reached—Hiss fired Stryker and refused to pay his bill.

DURING THE NERVE-DRAINING DAYS ON THE WITNESS STAND, MY HOUSE BECAME A HAVEN WHERE HE COULD ESCAPE THE WORLD AND RECHARGE HIS BATTERIES.

these sessions and during the nerve-draining days on the witness stand, my house became a haven where he could escape the world and recharge his batteries for the continuing ordeal.

During the trial, the pressroom at the federal courthouse on Foley Square was a battleground, the overwhelmingly pro-Hiss correspondents pitted against a pro-Chambers handful. On the first day of the trial, Tom Reynolds of Marshall Field’s *Chicago Sun* asked me, “Do you think Hiss is guilty?” I acknowledged that I did, and he reddened, spun on his heel, and thereafter cut me dead. Reporters for the *Baltimore Sun* and the *Christian Science Monitor* argued that the trial was a political lynching, while Victor Lasky of the *New York World-Telegram* sailed paper planes from the pressroom window inscribed, “Hiss is guilty.” *Mirabile dictu*, Bill Conklin of the *New York Times* reported with unflagging objectivity and in reward was consigned to the rubber-chicken circuit.

In the VIP spectators’ section, Alice Roosevelt Longworth, wearing one of her yard-wide hats, snubbed the large contingent of Park Avenue ladies who cheered Alger and whispered in reporters’ ears that Chambers was a Jew. Then there was Lloyd Paul Stryker, Hiss’s famous and flamboyant lawyer, who when he made a point would turn to the jury and triumphantly shoot his cuffs. He took me

The second trial was a dull replay of the first but for one comic passage. The defense had called Dr. Carl Binger, a psychiatrist, to testify that Whittaker Chambers had a “psychopathic personality.” Twelve symptoms of Whittaker’s psychopathology were cited, one of them being that he had repeatedly looked up at the ceiling during his testimony. Knocking each one down in cross-examination, prosecutor Murphy asked, “Doctor, do you know that in 50 minutes on the stand you have looked up at the ceiling 59 times?” There was a roar of laughter. When Harvard psychiatrist Henry Murray, formerly of the OSS and a cousin of Alice Longworth, testified that belief in Soviet espionage was a sign of “instability,” he squirmed and shifted in his seat. “Mrs. Longworth,” I asked her during a recess, “why did he squirm so much?” “Hemorrhoids,” she said.

Days after Hiss’s conviction, Whittaker, who had resigned from *Time*, told me of a letter from Henry Luce, his friend and employer, who had remained coldly aloof during the trial. “I too,” Luce commiserated, “have been facing an ordeal, trying to decide whether to run for the Senate.” He offered to reinstate Whittaker in his publishing empire and summoned him to New York to work out the details. Luce later reneged.

On the farm to which he withdrew after the trial, Whittaker would wake to

the rising sun and the clamor of the birds before the husbandry of his farm, his cattle, and his sheep began. Sitting with me on the back porch as the kingfishers wheeled overhead, his speech was rich in historical allusions—the French Revolution, the marching sailors of Kronstadt, the rise of the Cromwellian mob—making them as alive as if he were there. On my visits, I worked with him taking in the bales of hay and watched him at milking time standing by the barn door patting each cow on the rump and calling it by name.

And so he was with animals. One morning when I had stayed over, I stood at the window, waiting for some sound so I could go down for breakfast. Looking out, I spotted a skunk not 15 yards from the house. I heard the door open and saw Whittaker walking toward the skunk. “O Lord,” I thought, “that tail is going to turn up and he’ll be sprayed.” He talked quietly to the animal, which turned and quietly moved away.

The days and months went by in which he tended his fields and his cattle, writing an occasional article for *Life*, *Look*, and other publications—beautifully written and reasoned pieces spelling out the time’s plague. Bill Rusher, publisher of *National Review*, described him as a “great ho-ho guy” whose wit could burble into hearty laughter. Yet he was burdened by a great sense of failure. “Because of Esther and the children, I cannot pray to God to let me die, but I cannot help from hoping that He will,” he wrote me. “There keeps running through my head an epitaph that Byron saw in an Italian graveyard: ‘*implora eterna quietà*.’ Add to this the feeling that it was all for nothing.”

Financial pressure led him to write *Witness*, a book that would become the bible of the burgeoning conservative movement. But he had little faith in it and repeatedly suggested that I read the work in progress to reassure him or to

tell him to scrap it. It was only after a visit to his farm, when he drove me to the Baltimore station, that he thrust a manila envelope in my hands as the train rolled in—the first chapters of the book that he asked me to deliver to his agent. “You can read them if you wish,” he said. I sat with the envelope on my lap thinking unhappily, “Suppose it’s no good?” I read finally the first chapter, the “Letter to My Children,” and *en plein* railroad car, I cried. Later he told me that he had thought, “Suppose Ralph doesn’t like it? Suppose he thinks it’s all wrong?”

As he was completing the manuscript, he needed to check the accuracy of a quotation from Pliny’s letters that he planned to use. His reaction when he learned that the letters were out of print: “Lattimore a bestseller and Pliny out of print! If Alaric had not thought writing effeminate, our bookshelves would be crowded with *I Liberated Rome*.” It was in the same vein that he once brushed off a liberal-Left critic as “a man-eating squirrel.”

He had been struck down by his first heart attack when the English publisher asked for cuts of 150 of *Witness*’s 600 pages. Esther called me. “Will you do it? Whittaker says you’re the only one he can trust to do the job.” I did it, deleting what would be meaningless to English readers and also the passages about his eccentric family but elsewhere feeling that I was cutting into living flesh.

Witness had made him an icon for people high and low. Honors came to him, as did a flow of leaders and intellectuals. He had believed that this country had broken its compact with God and that only a religious resurgence would save it. So the support he received from Catholics meant much to him, as did the spiritually outstretched hands of priests holding beliefs that reached deeply into an ancient and mystical faith. Dick Nixon, who as senator and vice president turned often to Whittaker for counsel, urged that he and I organize a small

Nixon brain trust. But this came to nothing when we realized that all he wanted was a cheering section.

Before the heart attack, Whittaker would spend evenings with me when he was in New York and sometimes allowed me to invite a few of the people who clamored to meet him. One was Hede Massing, a GRU recruiting “revolutionary mattress” who had testified in the Hiss trial. She was a bubblingly talkative woman, but in Whittaker’s presence she was uncharacteristically subdued. “How come?” I asked him after she left. He laughed. “Once an *apparatchik*, always an *apparatchik*. I’d had the simulated rank of colonel in the GRU, and she’d been no more than perhaps a lieutenant.”

Unable after two heart attacks to run his farm, he sold most of the acreage and moved from the homeplace, once a log cabin, to a small house farther away from passing traffic. He was trying to write a book on Russia, *The Third Rome*, but the drive was gone. He burnt most of

eterna quietà of the grave, to which his straining heart had given him easy means. “All I need to do,” he would say, “is to run rapidly up the stairs.” He was convinced that a Democratic victory in 1960 would lead to the reopening of the attack on him by a new Justice Department. He considered Nixon his protector, so the Republican defeat plunged him into deep gloom and fear for his wife and children. He died—perhaps a suicide, as he had intimated to me—in the summer of 1961.

He had known life and laughter, art and music, the benison of knowledge, a prophetic sense of life and history, the touch of hands. Well after the trauma of the Hiss trial and what followed, he had written, “When I was alone, you walked beside me. And when I was without a roof, you sheltered me. You gave yours. You were always there. In my groping way, I am trying to say that I remember.” I answered that I had given him little, but he had transformed my life, opening for

HE HAD KNOWN LIFE AND LAUGHTER, ART AND MUSIC, THE BENISON OF KNOWLEDGE, A PROPHETIC SENSE OF LIFE AND HISTORY, THE TOUCH OF HANDS.

what he wrote, producing perhaps a few paragraphs a week. Though Sen. Joe McCarthy tried to involve him in politics, Whittaker remained publicly aloof. “Joe McCarthy may be a rogue, but he’s our rogue,” he would remark to me.

Whittaker was tired, tired unto death, and certain that his witness had all been for nothing, that communism had triumphed not in its Soviet manifestation but in its concept of man and its infiltration of American culture. Feeling himself out of the American *geist*, he would refer to me and to himself as “we Mediterraneans,” finding comfort in the deeper roots of Europe and the poems of Saint John of the Cross that I had sent him. More and more, he sought the

me a glimpse of its pain and beauty, and the transcendence that was, is, and will be *in saecula saeculorum*. He had been father and son and brother to me, as I was to him. Not a day has passed since his death that I do not think of him.

I remember him as on one of those breathing spring days when he heard our car approach, opened his door, waved, and smiled. Perhaps on the End Day, if my sins are forgiven, I will once more see him at that open door, smiling in welcome. ■

Ralph de Toledano is the author or editor of over 20 books, including Notes From the Underground: the Whittaker Chambers-Ralph de Toledano Letters.

How to Be an Illegal Immigrant

Below are translated excerpts from a pamphlet published by Mexico's Ministry of Foreign Relations for dissemination to Mexicans planning to cross the border to the United States illegally. More than a million copies have been distributed—which makes obvious that those Americans (i.e. the Bush administration) still holding out hope that Mexico's President Fox will cooperate with the U.S. government in curbing the illegal alien flow are foolish indeed.

In comic-book form, the pamphlet inadvertently reveals a good deal about how official Mexico views immigration, how the illegal flow registers in Mexico's imagination. There are heroically muscular river swimmers, the innocent alien in danger of being tricked by a provocatively dressed Yankee border-enforcement lady into admitting his illegal status, stern warnings about the dangers of not conforming to established American mores and thus putting yourself in deportation danger. (Don't beat up your wife or your children, don't drive when you have been drinking—not because such things are bad in themselves but because they might draw *la migra* down on you.) And of course, the ever present admonition always to look to mother Mexico, with its 45 American consulates, a veritable foreign state within a state in the making. There may be no more vivid underscoring of the absurdities put out by neoconservative think tanks about these Mexican immigrants being in a position to assimilate just as easily as immigrants to this country did 100 years ago, no easier retort to the Bush administration's fantasies of a joint Mexican-United States guest-worker program, than this official Mexican document. ■



Esteemed Countryman:

The purpose of this guide is to provide you with practical advice that may prove useful to you in case you have made the difficult decision to search for employment opportunities outside of your country.

The sure way to enter another country is by getting your passport from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and the visa, which you may apply for at the embassy or consulate of the country you wish to travel to.

However, in practice we see many Mexicans who try to cross the Northern Border without the necessary documents, through high risk zones that

involve grave dangers, particularly in desert areas or rivers with strong, and not always obvious, currents.

Reading this guide will make you aware of some basic questions about the legal consequences of your stay in the United States of America without the appropriate migratory documents, as well as about the rights you have in that country, once you are there, independent of your migratory status.

DANGERS IN CROSSING HIGH RISK ZONES

To cross the river can be very risky, above all if you cross alone and at night. Heavy clothing increases in weight when wet and this makes swimming and floating difficult.

If you cross by desert, try to walk at times when the heat will not be too intense. Highways and population centers are far apart, which means you will spend several days looking for roads, and you will not be able to carry foodstuffs or water for long periods of time. Also, you can get lost.

Salt water helps keep liquids in your body. Although you may feel more thirst if you drink salt water, the risk of dehydration is much less.

If you try to cross with false documents or those of another person, take into account the following: To use false documents or those of another person is a federal crime in the United States, for which you can be tried in a criminal proceeding and end up in jail; likewise if you use a false name or say that you are a citizen of the United States when you are not one.

Do not resist arrest.

Do not assault or insult officials.

Do not throw rocks or objects at officials or at patrols since this is considered a provocation by those officials. If they believe



themselves to be under attack, it is likely that they will use force to arrest you.

Raise your hands slowly so that they see you are not armed.

Do not have in your hands any object that could be considered a weapon such as spotlights, screwdrivers, pocket knives, knives, or rocks.

Do not run or try to escape. It is better to be arrested for a few hours and repatriated to Mexico than to get lost in the desert.

IF THEY ARREST YOU, YOU HAVE RIGHTS!

Your rights are:

- To know where you are.
- To ask that they allow you to contact a representative of the closest Mexican consulate for assistance.
- Not to make statements or to sign documents, above all if they are in English, without the advise of a defense lawyer or Mexican consular representative.
- To receive medical attention if you are injured or in delicate health.
- To be respected in your person and to receive dignified treatment without regard to your migratory status.
- To have safe transport.
- To have food and water whenever you need it.
- You are not obligated to state your migratory status at the time of arrest.
- You have the right not to be beaten or insulted.
- In case they take away your things, ask for a receipt so that you can claim them upon release.
- It is important that you inform your lawyer or Mexican consular representative who visits you of any infringement of these rights. Also inform the closest office of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Mexico.



It is important that you know the laws of the state where you live and work since the laws in each one are different. Consider the following advice:

- If you drink, do not drive, since if you do not have documents, you can be arrested and deported.
- Do not drive without a drivers license.
- Respect traffic laws and use your seatbelt.
- Do not drive without insurance and do not agree to drive a stranger's car.
- Do not let strangers into your car.
- If when driving, you commit a traffic infraction and you are stopped by the police, place your hands on the steering wheel and do not get out of the car until the officer requests that you do so.
- Avoid calling attention to yourself while you normalize your stay or process your documents to live in the United States.
- The best way is not to change your routine of going from your job to your home.
- Avoid noisy parties. The neighbors can get annoyed and call the police, and you can be arrested.
- If you go to a bar or night club, and a fight starts, leave, since in the confusion you could be arrested even though you have not done anything.
- Avoid family or domestic violence. As in Mexico, it is a crime in the United States.
- Do not carry firearms, knives, or other dangerous objects. Keep in mind that many Mexicans are dead or in prison for that.



CONSULATES

The Ministry of Foreign Affairs has 45 consular offices in the Interior and on the Southern Border of the United States of America whose function is to help you. Remember, if you have been arrested or are serving a prison term, you have the right to communicate with the closest Mexican Consulate.



Always carry your Consular Protection Guide.

Stay close to the Consulate.

Stay close to Mexico. It is your home, Countryman!

Day Care-less

The question is not whether daycare will keep your child out of Harvard but what happens day-to-day during the years when he is most vulnerable.

By Mary Eberstadt

NOT TOO LONG AGO—on a day I had spent buried under just a little of the vast literature on what is called “early child development”—our ten-year-old daughter skipped home from school with some unexpectedly apt news. Her class would soon be volunteering at a local day care center—a cheerful and inviting high-end place much prized by the parents whose infants and small children spend their weekdays there.

Like most girls her age, this one adores babies and toddlers, so she was elated at the idea. It was all the more surprising then when she returned home with a long face. The day care center had not been the fun she had expected: “There was a boy, a little boy, who was really sick and cried the whole time. His ear was all red, and he shrieked if they even touched it. The day care ladies were nice and everything, but he wouldn’t stop. It was just so sad. All he did was keep screaming the same thing over and over: ‘Mommy! Mommy! Mommy!’”

In this way, a distressed ten-year-old, empathizing with an even more distressed two-year-old, captured something I had been struggling to formulate—namely, what our long-running national controversy over institutional child care is not about. It is not about that screaming toddler. It is not about the immediate emotional experience of any toddlers or babies who spend most of their waking hours out of their homes and in nonfamily care.

No, our ongoing national child-care debate is a more sanitized, abstract, fas-

tidious thing. It is told of, by, and for educated adults, and its vernacular is that of scholarly social science. Does day care affect long-term “personality development”? “Cognitive ability”? “Educational readiness”? Is “attachment theory” out and “early socialization” in? Where are the “longitudinal data” in all this, and just how “statistically significant” are those sample sizes?

Just as the argument over institutional care is dominated by talk of outcomes and effects, so also is it advocated on the same basis: results. “My kids got dropped off at day care,” as a feminist put it one Mother’s Day in the *New York Times*, “and one is now finishing up at Brown, and the other went through Harvard and Oxford.” “Our son,” parallel-bragged another in the *Washington Post*, “got a 3.6 grade point average in grad school and was the valedictorian of his class”—and in addition, “Our daughter [is a] Shakespearean actress.” The day care proof, as advocates see it, is in the achievement pudding. In a 1997 book called *When Mothers Work: Loving Our Children Without Sacrificing Ourselves*, Joan K. Peters summarizes some of the research behind such boosterism: this British study argues that children of employed mothers read better than those of at-home ones; that American study claims that children left in day care from one month on develop higher cognitive and language abilities.

It is not only advocates who think that institutional care rises or falls by the

standard of outcomes, but also, for different reasons, the critics of institutional care. For the most part, these writers make the opposite empirical point—data do not suggest the rosy outcomes advocates believe or “good” data on cognitive and language skills are outweighed by “bad” data on behavioral problems.

Generally speaking, then, both the critics and the advocates of institutional care agree about one thing: it is the effects, whether behavioral or cognitive or other, that make or break the case. As the ones most likely to have the long-term interests of the child at heart, parents by definition must care about such things; it would be perverse if they did not.

Yet this focus on the long term has obscured one important related point: to say that day care should be judged on the long-term results is not to say that those results are the only measure by which to judge this experiment. Let us grant for the sake of argument that most children who grow up in institutional care turn out fine. To advocates, this is where the controversy over day care begins and ends; case closed. But they are wrong. The notion that “most kids will turn out fine anyway” does not end the question of whether institutional care is good or bad. It is not about whether day care might keep your child out of Harvard or launch him into it, but rather about what happens to him day to day during the years that he is most vulnerable.

Institutional care is a bad idea for parents who have a choice because it raises the quotient of immediate unhappiness in various forms among significant numbers of children, and the continuing ideological promotion of such separation causes the related harm of desensitizing adults to what babies and children actually need. Yes, many parents have to use day care. But there is a difference between having to use it and celebrating the institution full throttle.

The ideological defense of mother-child separation is not new. In our own time advocates generally have been dubbed “feminists.” I will refer to their ideology instead as “separationism” and to its advocates as “separationists”—thinkers who urge institutional care not as an inevitable practical choice for some, but as a theoretical choice that allegedly advances higher personal or social goals.

* * *

One immediate harm of such care is familiar to all pediatricians and many parents. Infections are more likely among babies or toddlers tended to in an institutional setting for three obvious reasons. First, infants in full-time care are almost certainly not being breast-fed, or not much at any rate, so the immunological benefits of human milk are not being supplied to them. This raises the risks of their contracting ailments. Second, certain specific things about babies and toddlers, such as diaper-wearing and constant hand-to-mouth contact, make them germ carriers beyond compare. Third, the sheer number of children encountered every day in such institutions further and dramatically raises the likelihood of infection. It is like playing pathogen roulette with five bullets instead of two. One current American Academy of Pediatrics fact sheet on “Controlling Illness in Child Care Programs” enumerates a

number of other infections that are spread more easily in day care, from the common cold to gastrointestinal problems to any number of skin and eye infections (impetigo, lice, ringworm, scabies, cold sores, and conjunctivitis, or pinkeye).

Harvard professor Jody Heymann devotes considerable space to examining real-life case studies of contemporary family life in her 2000 book, *The Widening Gap*, based on extended interviews with more than 800 workers in the child-care industry as well as parents. The day care employees repeatedly emphasize the problems of having to work not only around sick babies and children but also around desperate parents who drop off those babies and children at day care rather than miss a day of work. “[M]any of the child-care providers we spoke with,” Heymann summarizes, “described having received children whose acute health problems made it impossible to provide adequate care either for them or for the well children under the child-care provider’s supervision. Problems arose, for example, because the child-care providers could not keep clean and well hydrated the sick children who were vomiting or had diarrhea, give sufficient attention to the sick children’s other

Like most other such advocacy, Heymann emphasizes how emotionally difficult it can be for the parents who must manage all these competing claims. And who cannot feel for a stressed-out mother torn between an unforgiving workplace on the one hand and a sick baby on the other?

Yet like most of the day care literature, Heymann explains the sick-child problem from the adult point of view—that is, the stress that a sick child adds to an already hectic schedule. As such, it is of limited moral utility. To get the full measure of the harm possibly transpiring, one must look at it from the point of view of the ailing child in institutional care who is not only being deprived of the familiar people and things that might take the edge off his discomfort, but is also too young to understand where everyone else is and why he feels so bad. Shouldn’t his confusion and lack of fulfillment count for something in the day care calculus?

* * *

Another immediate harm is that day care makes some children more belligerent and aggressive. The latest evidence comes from investigations by the National Institute of Child Health and

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needs, and curb the spread of infectious diseases while also trying to care for the healthy children.”

Heymann’s account, sad and all too real, is one of several in recent years to have drawn attention to the poor quality of care in many centers and to infer the need for some national “solution” (paradoxically, more and better day care).

Human Development (NICHD). Beginning in 1989, a team of researchers tracked children at ten different sites to determine what effects, if any, day care was having on them. Perhaps nothing about the NICHD project has proved quite as incendiary as the lead article published in the July/August 2003 issue of *Child Development*, “Does Amount of

Time Spent in Child Care Predict Socioemotional Adjustment During the Transition to Kindergarten?"

Yes, said the research, and not in a good way, at least for some. "The more time children spent in any of a variety of nonmaternal care arrangements across the first 4.5 years of life, the more externalizing problems and conflict with adults they manifested at 54 months of age and in kindergarten, as reported by mothers, caregivers, and teachers," are

spending more and more time in nonmaternal care than ever before." Thus something that has "a small effect on lots of children" can have a large impact on a given setting—such as school. As Belsky wrote, "Consider the consequences of being a teacher in a kindergarten classroom in which many children have a lot of early, extensive, and continuous child-care experience versus being a teacher in a classroom in which many fewer children have exten-

separationists dominant in the day care debate. These advocates do not write of mother-baby separation with the ambivalence most mothers feel. They refuse to acknowledge that day care might cause damage of any kind to any child—unlike the many parents who must use it and who worry about just that. The least analyzed and perhaps weirdest dimension of our day care wars is the insistence that what most people think is bad news—more sick kids and worse-behaved ones—is actually good and maybe even great. And this brings us to a third kind of harm in our experiment in separation: the ideological defense of separationism is further coarsening adult moral sensibility.

A sick baby or toddler is a uniquely pitiful thing, in part because such a child is too young to understand why. Yet such natural empathy is not the prism through which the sick-child problem in day care is viewed by our advocates. In *A Mother's Place: Choosing Work and Family Without Guilt or Blame*, Susan Chira acknowledges, "several studies have also shown that children in day care suffer from more ear infections and illnesses in general," and then brushes it off with "[but] they are hardier when they are older." Susan Faludi in *Backlash* sounds the same note: "They soon build up immunities." Similarly, when a well-publicized 2002 study showed that babies and toddlers in day care get sick more often than those at home, one researcher explained, "The benefit to having colds in the toddler years is that kids miss less school later when it counts."

So, too, has there been no lack of advocates who give a thumbs-up to the documented increase in aggression and other behavioral trouble. Allison Clarke-Stewart rationalized the aggression problem in 1989 this way: "Children who have been in day care think for themselves and want their own way" and "are

THE LEAST ANALYZED AND PERHAPS **WEIRDEST DIMENSION OF OUR DAY CARE WARS** IS THE INSISTENCE THAT **WHAT MOST PEOPLE THINK IS BAD NEWS—MORE SICK KIDS AND WORSE-BEHAVED ONES—IS ACTUALLY GOOD AND MAYBE EVEN GREAT.**

perhaps the most quoted words of their report. "More time in care not only predicted problem behavior measured on a continuous scale in a dose-response pattern but also predicted at-risk (though not clinical) levels of problem behavior, as well as assertiveness, disobedience, and aggression."

As Jay Belsky, one of the lead researchers, explained elsewhere, the criteria for these problem behaviors were quite specific: aggression meant "cruelty to others, destroys own things, gets in many fights, threatens others, and hits others"; noncompliance/disobedience meant "defiant, uncooperative, fails to carry out assigned tasks, temper tantrums, and disrupts class discipline"; and assertiveness meant "bragging/boasting, talks too much, demands/wants attention, and argues a lot." All three behaviors increased alongside the amount of time in nonmaternal care. The effect did not hold for most of the children; Belsky stressed that it was "modest."

He also stressed, however, that even modest negative findings are important: "In the U.S. more and more children are

sive child-care experience." In which room would you rather teach?

The idea that institutionalized children might become more aggressive received strong independent support from a study published in *Child Development* in 1998. Here researchers measured levels of cortisol, a stress-related chemical, in day care children. What they found was, as the researchers put it, "remarkable and unexpected." While most humans exhibit the same daily pattern in which cortisol is highest in the morning and falls in the afternoon, the day care children showed exactly the opposite pattern: their cortisol levels were higher in the afternoon than in the morning. In other words, their internal stress had apparently been mounting through their institutionalized day.

* * *

For parents who do not have options apart from institutional care, the increased likelihood that day care children will be sick and unhappy are facts of life. And yet the most curious fact in all our day care debate is that these problems are not seen that way by the

not willing to comply with adults' arbitrary rules." Others have gone further. A University of Chicago psychologist offered the particularly Orwellian response to the 2001 NICHD study that "aggression" was actually "self-assertion" and that day care babies and toddlers were simply "much more sturdy little interactors" than tots at home. A writer for Salon similarly opined that it is "better to be smart and cheeky than dim and placid."

Anyone who has ever done playground duty with small children knows exactly the difference between an assertive little boy playing loudly with a truck and another little boy who just used the same truck to hit another child over the head. But what about parents who aren't around to learn this much in the first place?

* * *

Here is the point in the argument where we leave the narrow matter of institutional care and look more widely at what is said about babies and children more generally in the service of the separationist experiment. Here, too, the same sort of callousness in the day care literature makes routine appearances. Consider a recent example from the letters page of the *Atlantic*. Writer Caitlin Flanagan had penned a largely favorable review of a book by Laura Schlessinger, a review that angered some readers, including one named Nancy, who chided Flanagan for worrying overmuch about children of divorce. Flanagan replied, "Since writing my review of Laura Schlessinger's new book, I have had countless people tell me that they can't stand her because she's 'mean.' But Laura says you'll hurt a child if you divorce; don't do it. Nancy says she can't work up much compassion for a nine-year-old from a broken home. So who's mean?"

What anyone reading the cable traffic on separationism will know is that this

bitter letter writer is not alone. She represents a robust tradition of advocates and ideologues who have spent decades getting worked up over what mothers ought to have freedom to do and, simultaneously, becoming very dismissive of the possible fallout for children.

Look at what counts as the moral limbo bar in the day care debate—the lowest one imaginable. Essentially, advocates have settled for this position: if it doesn't lead to Columbine, bring it on. But that is obviously a very low perch from which to judge day care or anything else. Commenting on the NICHD study linking time spent in day care to aggression, scholar Stanley Kurtz observed that the adverse implications were hardly limited to the kids bullying and hitting that the numbers on

aggression alone might suggest. Rather, "Chances are, if a significant percentage of children in day care evidence clear behavioral problems, or show up as insecurely attached to their mothers, then there are plenty of other children in less obvious, but still significant trouble. If some kids are responding to chronic separation from their mothers with anger, surely others are feeling depressed. Low-level depression is a lot harder to find and verify observationally than obvious classroom bullying, but that doesn't mean it's not there." Less obvious, but still significant trouble. For advocates hardened by the demands of separationism, this kind of moral nuance does not exist.

Similarly, the insistence on the equality of "good" institutional care erases

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from the equation something important and also subjective: how young humans see the world. Routine and familiarity are everything for small children. Just being at home carries with it all those nonparental things so comforting to little children—from a familiar bump in the wall to the presence of a pet or sibling to a ripped-up book that must be found this minute.

Even the recent boomlet of lifestyle pieces about career women who have decided to stay home with their small children exhibits an inadvertently revealing one-sidedness of feeling. *Time's* cover story in March 2004, "The Case for Staying Home," cited dropping out of the rat race and enjoying the children as two lures that are perhaps more powerful than yesterday's generation of mothers understood. Joan K. Peters, as

toddler who does not understand time or distance?

A third body of evidence suggests how far our separationist experiment has dulled our thinkers to real babies and children: virtually every sophisticated school of thought now ascendant has participated in the rationalization of hands-off parenting. In an important book published in 1999, Kay S. Hymowitz examined the state of American childhood at the level of theories that have served to justify parental disengagement. *Ready or Not: Why Treating Children as Small Adults Endangers Their Future—and Ours* outlined in field after field (law, education, and psychology) how the past 30 years have seen a transformation in the way children are perceived—one that de-emphasizes adult guidance and authority while

needs and demands. Of course, as advocates often say, most children not in home care are likely to turn out fine. Many adults have to work, and some have to use out-of-home care. No one can have his mother all the time, and likely no one should. Children are only one of several actors in any given drama, even if they are also the most vulnerable.

Single parents, frantic parents, infants being packed off to hospital-style rows of cribs called "school," toddlers who go for institutionalized walks roped together like members of a miniature chain gang—this is what the experiment means day to day. But our separationists manage to worry instead about the opposite: an alleged excess of maternalism, of "overparenting," an oppressive "mommy myth," and all the other phantoms said to be haunting and impeding the modern mother.

Their own rhetoric and that of the long-running day care wars proves overwhelmingly otherwise, and so do the plain facts. Between 1975 and 1993, the percentage of children under age six with employed mothers rose from 33 to 55 percent. By 2000, it had climbed to 70 percent. The trend away from home and toward the workplace is very clear. And so is what it represents: the near-total cultural about-face in the way society views working mothers. Once staying home with one's children was judged the right thing to do. Today, the social expectations are exactly reversed.

Before we start worrying ourselves about the alleged perils of too much mothering, we might first look at how much energy and sophisticated thought continues to go into rationalizing too little mothering and what that says about us. We have collectively become one of Shakespeare's most unattractive characters—wicked daughter Regan who, when faced with an old father demanding his prerogatives of age, diminishes those wants. However many horses and knights

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staunch a defender of day care as any, has herself related, "Once, when I was late [getting home from work], I arrived nearly hysterical with worry that I had passed some absolute point of emotional safety for my infant—that in divine retribution for my absence, something awful might have happened. I was so upset that I snatched my daughter from my babysitter's arms and sank with her on the couch, holding my coat around us both."

What could be more natural than that? Of course women and men want to enjoy their children; children are enormously enjoyable. But in that one-sided focus on what women want, a hidden but very real insensitivity betrays itself. If mother-child separation is so hard on mothers that even pro-separation feminists see it feelingly, then how much worse is that separation for a baby or

ultra-emphasizing the intrinsic capacities of the child in the absence of such guidance.

The same insistence that Hymowitz discerned in elite fields of thought is true also of popular child-rearing advice books, which take their direction from a medical establishment profoundly reluctant to roil the political waters. Almost all leading cultural authorities, including the American Academy of Pediatrics, have now managed a good word for the putative benefits of "early socialization," which is to say nonparental child-rearing.

* * *

The trouble with day care is twofold: one, it increases the likelihood that kids will be unhappy and two, the chronic rationalization of that unhappiness renders adults less sensitive to children's

King Lear demands, she allows fewer; whatever he agrees to, she reduces further still. Just so, contrary to the bitter complaints of our separationists, has our social standard governing exactly what babies and children can demand of us veered in the direction of less.

Once upon a time parents and experts worried about whether five-year-olds needed a mother in the house; now, when kindergarten has become full days and after-school programs abound, that worry has gone the way of the buggy whip. Not so long ago, parents and experts wondered whether two- and three-year olds could thrive if they were at preschools or day care all day, but when packing them off became routine and subjecting them to a rotating set of strangers became thought of as a head start, adults with other things to do decided that that problem had been pretty much solved, too. Having so efficiently shrunk the pool of children we might need to worry about, we now reduce ourselves to scholastic nitpicking over the few who are left: infants and toddlers. What real need does a five-year-old have of his mother or home? What need does a three-year-old have? A babe in arms?

King Lear has a famous answer to questions like those: "Oh, reason not the need." What the ideological devotion to day care finally amounts to is just that—reasoning the need, ruthlessly trying to square what for the youngest children will always be a circle with many orbits but only one center. ■

Mary Eberstadt works from home as a research fellow for the Hoover Institution and is a consulting editor to Policy Review. This piece is taken from Home Alone America: The Hidden Toll of Day Care, Behavioral Drugs and other Parent Substitutes by arrangement with Sentinel, a member of Penguin Group (USA) Inc., Copyright Mary Eberstadt, 2004.

The Dec. 21 attack at the U.S. Army's Mosul base mess hall by a suicide bomber that resulted in 20 deaths was preceded by a Saudi intelligence warning

three hours before the event that the FBI was unable to relay to the military. The Saudis had discovered from an al-Qaeda penetration that a Saudi *jihadi* had volunteered to carry out a suicide attack against the American base in Mosul. The Saudis were able to provide the name of the attacker and also learned that the timing of the attack was "imminent." The Saudis' counterintelligence service, acting on an admittedly short time fuse, notified the FBI liaison office in Riyadh of the information. The FBI representatives told the astonished Saudis that it would not be possible to pass the information directly to the U.S. Army command, as there was no mechanism established to do so. FBI headquarters in Washington would have to pass it to the Pentagon. The Saudis present were visibly upset by the news and became agitated, remonstrating that the information was considered reliable and should be delivered urgently to someone who could respond to it, but the FBI was unable to be of more assistance. Three hours later the suicide bomber struck. The Saudi warning was never conveyed to military commanders in Mosul.



The U.S. is adopting a harder line in Lebanon, largely based on uncorroborated claims by Israeli intelligence.

U.S. Ambassador to Lebanon Jeffrey Feltman has been pressuring Beirut to crack down on Hezbollah, saying that if Hezbollah's actions against Israel are not curtailed, the U.S. would consider sanctions against Lebanon. The American position relies on Israeli-generated intelligence indicating that Hezbollah is responsible for 20 percent of recent Palestinian attacks on Israeli targets in the West Bank and Gaza Strip. Israel claims that Hezbollah, funded and guided by Iran, contributed \$9 million to Palestinian militants last year, controls a militant group called Tanzim that is part of the Fatah movement, and also directs 51 separate terror cells in the West Bank and Gaza. Tel Aviv also asserts that Hezbollah is actively recruiting Israeli Arabs to serve as suicide bombers and terrorists. (Israeli Arabs carry Israeli passports and documentation and are able to move about more freely than their West Bank and Gaza compatriots). None of the Israeli assertions regarding Hezbollah have been confirmed by U.S. intelligence.



Sources at the Pentagon are indicating that a new wave of Abu Ghraib revelations, dubbed Abu Ghraib 2, is about to surface.

The new information—consisting of e-mails, phone logs, and memos—is being leaked to the press by disgruntled Defense Department staff. The documents reportedly demonstrate that Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld and his immediate staff, as well as a number of senior officers in the field, were intimately involved in the establishment and management of controversial interrogation procedures at America's military prisons worldwide. According to the sources, Rumsfeld was also involved in the damage control that has sought to blame the prison abuse on a few bad-apple guards.

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The Truth About Torture

A historian in the future, or a moralist, is likely to deem the Bush administration's enthusiasm for torture the most striking aspect of its war against terrorism.

This started early. Proposals to authorize torture were circulating even before there was anyone to torture. Days after the Sept. 11 attacks, the administration made it known that the U.S. was no longer bound by international treaties or by American law and established U.S. military standards concerning torture and the treatment of prisoners. By the end of 2001, the Justice Department had drafted memos on how to protect military and intelligence officers from eventual prosecution under existing U.S. law for their treatment of Afghan and other prisoners.

In January 2002, the White House counsel, Alberto Gonzales, who is soon to become attorney general, advised George W. Bush that it could be done by fiat. If the president simply declared "detainees" in Afghanistan outside the protection of the Geneva Conventions, the 1996 U.S. War Crimes Act—which carries a possible death penalty for Geneva violations—would not apply.

Those who protested were ignored, though the administration declared it would abide by the "spirit" of the conventions. Shortly afterward, the CIA asked for formal assurance that this pledge did not apply to its agents.

In March 2003, a Defense Department legal task force concluded that the president was not bound by any international or federal law on torture. It said that as commander in chief, he had the authority "to approve any technique needed to protect the nation's security."

Subsequent legal memos to civilian officials in the White House and Pentagon dwelt in morbid detail on permitted torture techniques, for practical purposes concluding that anything was permitted that did not (deliberately) kill the victim.

What is this all about? The FBI, the armed forces' own legal officers, bar associations, and other civil-law groups have protested, as have retired intelligence officers and civilian law-enforcement officials.

The United States has never before officially practiced torture. It was not deemed necessary in order to defeat Nazi Germany or Imperial Japan. Its indirect costs are enormous in their effect on the national reputation, their alienation of international opinion, and their corruption of the morale and morality of the American military and intelligence services.

Torture doesn't even work that well. An indignant FBI witness of what has gone on at the Guantanamo prison camp says that "simple investigative techniques" could produce much information the Army is trying to obtain through torture.

It is hard to avoid the conclusion that the Bush administration is not torturing prisoners because it is useful but because of its symbolism. It originally was intended to be a form of what later, in the attack on Iraq, came to be called "shock and awe." It was meant as intimidation. We will do these terrible things to demonstrate that nothing will stop us

from conquering our enemies. We are indifferent to world opinion. We will stop at nothing.

In that respect, it is like the attack on Fallujah last November, which—destructive as it was—was fundamentally a symbolic operation. Any insurgent who wanted to escape could do so long before the much-advertised attack actually began. Its real purpose was exemplary destruction: to deliver a message to all of Iraq that this is what the United States can do to you if you continue the resistance. It was collective punishment of the city's occupants for having tolerated terrorist operations based there.

The administration's obsession with shock and awe is a result of its misunderstanding of the war it is fighting, which is political and not military. America's dilemma is a very old one.

It is dealing with politically motivated revolutionaries in the case of al-Qaeda and nationalist and sectarian insurgents in the case of Iraq. It has a conventional army, good for crushing cities. But the enemy is not interested in occupying cities or defeating American armies. Its war is for the minds of Muslims.

Destroying cities and torturing prisoners are things you do when you are losing the real war, the war your enemies are fighting. They are signals of moral bankruptcy. They destroy the confidence and respect of your friends, and reinforce the credibility of the enemy. ■

William Pfaff is a columnist for the International Herald Tribune in Paris. Copyright Tribune Media Services International

Arts & Letters

FILM

[*Hotel Rwanda*]

Lessons in Majority Rule

By Steve Sailer

AS AMERICA STRIVES to prod Iraq to “democracy,” which President Bush defines as sugar and spice and everything nice (such as protection of minority rights), “Hotel Rwanda” could serve as a timely reminder that long-oppressed peoples, like the Hutus in Rwanda (and perhaps the Shi’ites in Iraq), generally assume the word means majority rule. And what the Hutu majority wanted was vengeance on their traditional rulers, the Tutsis.

Not that you’ll learn much from “Hotel Rwanda” itself. Its script methodically excludes any insights into why Hutu mobs butchered at least a half million Tutsis and moderate Hutus in the spring of 1994.

No, the reason to see this solidly made little movie is Don Cheadle’s subtle performance as Paul Rusesabagina, the suave Hutu manager of Rwanda’s finest hotel, who saved 1,286 refugees through *Schindler’s List*-style subterfuges.

Cheadle has been to film acting what Dave Chappelle was to television comedy—the man who had been The Next Big Thing for so long he was becoming a joke. “Hotel Rwanda” won’t make Cheadle a matinee idol—the topic is too foreboding—but it finally gives him the character lead he deserves.

Further, “Hotel Rwanda” is less depressing than it sounds, offering one of the few Rwandan stories with a happy ending. Onscreen gore is minimized, allowing the film a PG-13 rating.

Unfortunately, the screenplay aims at self-absorbed white liberals who think all Africans look alike and that white racism is the root of all evil. The script even claims that it’s merely a white myth that Tutsis tend to be taller than Hutus, asserting that the Belgian imperialists arbitrarily assigned those identities to random Rwandans. Yet soon the Hutu Power radio station is broadcasting the prearranged code to begin exterminating the Tutsis: “Cut down the tall trees.”

Rwanda’s true history is more instructive. The medium-height Bantu Hutu farmers arrived 2,000 years ago and drove the pygmoid hunter-gatherer Twa into the forests. Then about the time of Cortez, the tall, slender Tutsi herdsman invaded from the north and, according to Gary Brecher, the acerbic War Nerd columnist, “claimed all the land, on the legal basis that if you objected they’d kill you.”

The Tutsi rulers treated the Hutu peasantry with the same contempt the Norman lords display toward the Saxon yeomen in Sir Walter Scott’s *Ivanhoe*. Commenting on Rwanda’s “indigenous racism,” Congo-born sociologist Pierre L. van den Berghe reported that the Tutsis, like other aristocracies, saw themselves as “astute in political intrigue, born to command, refined, courageous, and cruel.”

The Tutsi ascendancy resembled the white pre-eminence in Latin America. Inter-marriage was frequent, yet physical differences between the classes endured, just as they have in Mexico, where despite five centuries of intermarrying, the elite remains much taller and

fairer than the masses. The trick is that Mexico’s most successful short, dark men often wed tall, blonde women and have more European-looking offspring, thus replenishing the caste system. Likewise, in “Hotel Rwanda,” Cheadle’s ultra-competent Hutu executive is married to a Tutsi beauty who is taller and fairer than he is.

Prudent imperialists divide and rule, employing as their local surrogates a well-organized minority like the Tutsis in Belgian Rwanda or the Sunnis in British Iraq. In contrast, the Bush administration disbanded the Sunni-run Iraqi Army on the advice of Shi’ite exile Ahmad Chalabi. Many Sunnis decided to fight rather than let us give the whip hand to the Shi’ites, whose hatred they had long provoked.

When the Belgians went home in 1962, the Hutus voted themselves into power and began persecuting their ex-overlords. Many Tutsis fled to Uganda, from which their sons invaded Rwanda in 1990. Rather like the French Revolutionaries guillotining the aristocrats in response to the old order’s attack on France in 1792, fearful Hutu extremists decided upon a final solution.

“Hotel Rwanda” blames white racism for the fecklessness of the United Nations’ response to the genocide but fails to mention that the head of the UN’s peacekeeping operations who gave the disastrous order not to fight to the 2,500 UN soldiers under Canadian Gen. Romeo Dallaire (played by Nick Nolte) was Kofi Annan, who is probably not a white racist.

Nor do we see that the Tutsi rebel army leader, current President Paul Kagame, opposed outside pacification. He preferred that his fellow Tutsis die while he conquered Rwanda, thus ending the experiment in rule by the Hutu majority. ■

BOOKS

Post-Apartheid in Black and White

By Carol Iannone

THE 2004 NOBEL PRIZE in Literature was awarded to Elfriede Jelinek, an Austrian writer whose fiction seems to consist of little more than radical feminist propaganda. In citing Jelinek for the prize, the Nobel Committee lauded her anti-male vision as revelatory of the very foundations of our society. As the committee's website admiringly puts it, "Jelinek lets her social analysis swell to a fundamental criticism of civilization by describing sexual violence against women as the actual template for our culture."

Got that? The most prestigious award-granting organization in the Western world has no problem with the notion that the very foundation of our culture is sexual violence against women. Of course, extolling the total denigration of the West is not new for the Nobel Committee. A year earlier the committee lauded the work of South African novelist J.M. Coetzee for its "ruthless ... criticism of the cruel rationalism and cosmetic morality of western civilisation." But Coetzee (pronounced kut-SEE-uh), whose artistic vision is complex if not particularly likable, must have presented a challenge to the Nobel Committee with his very un-PC novel *Disgrace*, a book so offensive to the South African regime that the ruling African National Congress officially denounced it as racist before the country's Human Rights Commission. Nevertheless, it is clear the book was a major factor in the committee's decision to give the prize to Coetzee, since both the original citation from the Norwegian Nobel Committee and the presentation

speech delivered at the ceremony on behalf of the Swedish Academy made reference to South Africa's Truth and Reconciliation Commission, organized in 1995 under the new government to address the human-rights abuses committed by both sides during apartheid. This suggests that the committee had *Disgrace*, Coetzee's only novel about post-apartheid South Africa, very much in mind.

Disgrace aroused a raging controversy in South Africa when it was published in 1999, won an unprecedented second Booker Prize for its author, and became the first of his novels to achieve notable sales in his native land. The portrayal in *Disgrace* of a violent, lawless post-apartheid South Africa "was not politically correct," *Afrikaner* newspaper editor Tim DuPlessis remarked to the *New York Times* at the time of the Nobel announcement, adding, "Some thought South Africa didn't need a renowned author sending out a negative message about the country at that time." The problem with the novel begins with its portrayal of black-on-white violence in the new South Africa but goes much further than that, painting a grim picture of majority rule as, in effect, the displacement of "white" or "Western" standards of justice and rationality with a "black" hegemony based on vengeance, violence, and fear.

John Maxwell (formerly Michael) Coetzee was born in 1940 of *Afrikaner* and English heritage and has taught literature in South Africa and the United States, most recently at the University of Chicago's Committee on Social Thought. He is now affiliated with the University of Adelaide in Australia, where he emigrated, it is said, in response to the bruising battle *Disgrace* provoked in his native land.

Disgrace is written in a deliberately hard, dry, ungenerous idiom, albeit one intense and gripping in its own sullen way. "English is an unfit medium for the truth of South Africa," declares the novel's main character, David Lurie. Lurie (whose apparently Jewish identity figures only in the background) is a

middle-aged professor at Cape Town University College, which has been made over to serve the newly enfranchised populations under post-apartheid "rationalization." As a result, the college is now an intellectually threadbare technical school. When he loses his job over an affair with a student, Lurie goes to rethink his life at his daughter Lucy's small farm in the countryside, where she raises flowers and cares for dogs. There he endures his disgrace, undergoing a thorough divestment of all his former privileges and adjusting to a new, humbler life.

Some time after his arrival, the farm is invaded by three black strangers who rape Lucy, ransack her house, shoot her dogs, and set her father afire, leaving him with a disfigured ear, a further divestment of his former self. Lurie wants his daughter to report the crime and bring the perpetrators to justice. But Lucy decides that it would be impossible for her to continue living in such a remote and lawless area if she called in the police, as she would be open to future reprisals.

Far from seeking justice, she decides to bear the child she is carrying as a result of the rape. She also deeds her share of the property to Petrus, her former assistant turned coproprietor thanks to post-apartheid land adjustments, and agrees to become part of his extended family, in effect his third wife, in order to secure enough protection to continue to live on the land she loves. The clear implication is that the attack was part of a plan by Petrus to gain complete control of her property. "They see me as owing something," she says of her assailants. "They see themselves as debt collectors, tax collectors." Her father at first objects but then comes to accept the new arrangements. The closing scenes of the novel show father and daughter both reduced to a kind of speechless submission, stripped of control over their lives, dependent on the menacing black power all around them, yet strangely serene and content.

The reader, however, or at least any reader not terminally immersed in white

guilt, is liable to be horrified. While Coetzee's purposes in this novel are ambiguous and not fully worked out, there is no doubt that he intends to raise disturbing questions about the nature of the new South Africa and the place of white people within it. It is common knowledge that attacks by blacks on white farmers in rural South Africa have become rife under the new government. It was this very aspect of the novel that caused the ANC to condemn the book as a racist call to white South Africans to emigrate. And it was this very aspect that the Nobel Committee managed studiously to avoid, following the path of many tiptoeing critics. Instead, the Nobel establishment managed to package the troubling racial theme of the novel as some anodyne parable of spiritual renewal.

Thus in the presentation speech at the awards ceremony, Per Wästberg of the Swedish Academy commended Coetzee for being "a Truth and Reconciliation Commission on your own"—that is, for coming to his own resolution of relations between the races in the new South Africa—while the original citation from the Nobel Committee marveled that his "intellectual honesty erodes all basis of consolation and distances itself from the tawdry drama of remorse and confession." The Truth and Reconciliation Commission's hearings did indeed feature wrenching episodes of "remorse and confession," but why is "remorse and confession" a "tawdry drama" while "erod[ing] all basis of consolation" is something to admire? For all their faults and clumsiness, the commission's hearings, presided over by a Christian clergyman, Archbishop Tutu—who is himself a winner of the Nobel Peace Prize—at least represented an attempt to bring a degree of individual accountability to South Africa's history of injustice and violence, and to reach some sense of closure with regard to the past and a new beginning between the races.

For the Nobel Committee, however, any such racial and moral inventory must be a "tawdry drama," emblematic of the "cosmetic morality of western

civilisation"—the very morality that undergirded the demand to end white supremacy. Instead, as Wästberg put it, *Disgrace* takes place "in that borderland where the languages of liberation and reconciliation have no meaning," or, as the citation delphically phrased it, "where the distinction between right and wrong, while crystal clear, can have no meaning." In other words, now that apartheid has ended, the moral intensity that helped bring it down can be dismissed as we enter a realm beyond good and evil.

Thus whites may well be subject to racial violence in the new South Africa, but this violence must be exempt from moral judgment. This is surely the spirit of the committee's assertion that *Disgrace* "deals with a question that is central to [Coetzee's] works: Is it possible to evade history?" "Evading history" is a rather tendentious way of putting what most whites and blacks—at least those not directly bent on racial revenge—thought they were singing and dancing about when de Klerk released Mandela from prison in 1990. That is, there was the expectation that whites and blacks

sive corruption in the ruling ANC and widespread violence against whites by some of the newly empowered black population, all that is simply the "history" that cannot be "evaded." The novel itself clearly endorses this vision. In a spasm of colonial guilt, Lurie says of the intruders who raped his daughter and who may do so again, "It was history speaking through them. A history of wrong."

Yet this notion of race-guilty whites suffering a deserved punishment at the hands of violent blacks cannot be separated from the racial theme that so angered the South African government—the portrayal of a vengeful black population outside the rule of law. In its complaint to the Human Rights Commission, the ANC argued that the novel, by perpetuating the old white supremacist view of indigenous blacks as primitive, savage, and incapable of moral behavior, purveyed an "ideology of racism."

So how did a book that dishes up such a brutal picture of life in post-apartheid South Africa manage to garner so much praise from the liberal

HE INTENDS TO RAISE **DISTURBING QUESTIONS** ABOUT THE NATURE OF THE **NEW SOUTH AFRICA** AND THE PLACE OF WHITE PEOPLE WITHIN IT. IT IS COMMON KNOWLEDGE THAT **ATTACKS BY BLACKS ON WHITE FARMERS** IN RURAL SOUTH AFRICA HAVE BECOME **RIFE UNDER THE NEW GOVERNMENT**.

would work together to undo the historic system of racial oppression and move on to the creation of a "non-racial" South Africa in which all citizens would have equal rights. To be sure, there was the presumption that blacks would dominate politically because of their majority status, but the country would not otherwise be changed in its essential civilizational standards. This is what most people are thinking about when they continue to laud the "peaceful" and "democratic" transition to black majority rule.

But for the Nobel Committee, if the end of apartheid has unleashed mas-

West? The answer is contained in Coetzee's portrayal of the fate of the white characters. As Wästberg put it, in the novel's "dystopian" vision, "David Lurie does not achieve creativity and freedom until, stripped of all dignity, he is afflicted by his own shame and history's disgrace." The white characters lose everything under the *ad hoc* black rule presented in the novel, even personal dignity, but there is strength in such loss. It "is a good point to start from again," Lurie and Lucy come to agree, "to start at ground level. With nothing. No cards, no weapons, no property, no rights, no dignity.... like a dog."

For its part, the ANC would rather rail against stereotypes than do something about the social and economic conditions under its rule, which are worsening all around, for poor blacks whose needs the government is ignoring but especially for whites. According to Helen Suzman, a former longtime Progressive Party member of the South African Parliament and an outspoken opponent of the white-minority government, President Thabo Mbeki is an anti-white demagogue. "His speeches all have anti-white themes," she told London's *Sunday Telegraph* some time ago, "and he continues to convince everyone that there are two types of South African—the poor black and the rich white."

Although she did not comment on the high crime rate, Suzman did note something perhaps even more ominous: "Debate is almost non-existent and no one is apparently accountable to anybody apart from their political bosses. It's bad news for democracy in this

country." She added an observation that will strike many as ironic: "Even though we didn't have a free press under apartheid, the government of that day seemed to be very much more accountable in parliament." Referring to her extensive efforts to expose the brutal workings of apartheid through the years, Suzman observed, "It would never be possible today to ask as many questions as I did."

Suzman also decried South Africa's racial quota system that demands proportional representation in employment, pushing blacks into positions for which they are not yet qualified and making it "increasingly hard for young white people to find jobs." She "can understand why white parents are worried about the future." While she certainly does not want to return to the old system and professes herself "hopeful about any future for whites in this country" (curious, that "any"), she is "not entirely optimistic."

Be that as it may, extrapolating from the remarks of the Nobel Committee and Swedish Academy, we can see *Disgrace* as offering guilty white readers the opportunity to indulge in self-hatred and to savor the pleasure of contemplating the abasement of Western man and woman, while imagining a spiritual reward for doing so. (In his own life, as we have noted, Coetzee has foregone this bracing humiliation and has sought safety in the "cosmetic morality"—not to mention the physical safety and comfort—of the West.) But in order for Western man to luxuriate in this strangely titillating, if as yet only theoretical, picture of his own undoing, he also has to agree to accept the portrayal of South African blacks as incapable of living according to the rule of law and the demands of civilization. Accepting that portrayal is something for which the West should feel guilty, and there is the real disgrace. It turns out that denigrating "Western" morality ultimately means denigrating everybody. ■

Carol Iannone is editor at large of Academic Questions.

[*Richard Wagner: The Last of the Titans*, Joachim Köhler, trans. by Stewart Spencer, Yale University Press, 705 pages]

A Muse of Fire

By R.J. Stove

"Let us not fall into the old error of intelligent reactionaries, that of ignoring our own debt to revolutions." —G.K. Chesterton

MORE WORDS, it is said, have been written about Wagner than about even Shakespeare: indeed, than about anyone else in history except Christ and Napoleon. Notwithstanding—or because of—this plethora, one-volume Wagner biographies seldom do their subject justice. The most stimulating single books on Wagner, at any rate in English, tend to be resolutely non-biographical: guides to Wagner's aesthetics (Bryan Magee's *Aspects of Wagner* and *The Tristan Chord*), surveys of individual operas (any bearing Deryck Cooke's or Rudolph Sabor's name warrants respect), and even reminiscences of Wagner recording sessions (John Culshaw's *Ring Resounding*). For more than half a century, the definitive life of Wagner has been the four-volume account (1933-1946) by British musicologist Ernest Newman. Excellently written and brim-full with love for Wagner's finest creations, Newman's epic nevertheless suffered from the protracted embargo on the revelatory diaries of the composer's widow Cosima, an embargo imposed by her eldest daughter and lasting until 1972.

Accordingly, the present publication by an established German scholar arouses hopes as exalted as Valhalla itself, particularly insofar as it promises and often provides a vigorously eclectic approach. Far too much existing Wagner literature suffers from a painful absence of either eclecticism or vigor, being Jungian (and therefore largely worthless), Freudian (and therefore entirely worthless), or Marxist (say no more).

Köhler cultivates, at least through the conduit of his translator, a lucid idiom

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that on this topic can only be beneficial. His first chapters, devoted to Wagner's upbringing, are a mesmeric read. Wagner never knew whether his true father had been the colorless Leipzig police registrar Friedrich Wagner, or the flamboyant thespian and painter Ludwig Geyer, whom Friedrich's widow later married. Enforced and lifelong ignorance of one's own paternity is a condition apt to demoralize persons far more phlegmatic than the hyperimaginative, nerve-torn Richard. But it needed no taint of possible bastardry to leave the young composer infatuated with the stage, which in fact became his opiate.

Wagner never escaped, and clearly never wanted to escape, the atmosphere of rackety theatrical vagabondage that Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* had taught the German middle classes to love. He possessed that weird combination, so familiar in actors, of shameless attitudinizing and total moment-by-moment sincerity. As in Greek legend Antaeus was doomed whenever his feet left the earth, so in 19th-century German reality Wagner was doomed whenever his feet left the theater. There he thrived. There his conducting talents manifested themselves. There, too, he met his first wife, the actress Minna Planer, who—save for his short-lived sister Rosalie—probably inspired more selfless love from him than did any other creature that was not a tail-wagging quadruped.

He not only made drama his whole life, he made his life a whole drama. "Whatever my passions demand of me," he once wrote to his eventual father-in-law Liszt, "I become for the time being—musician, poet, director, author, lecturer or anything else." Thus speaks one who must publicly perform, whatever the sacrifice involved. Like so many other showfolk, he blended entire hopelessness in domestic concerns with astounding shrewdness in manipulating colleagues. Admirers vied for the privilege of lending him money that he never returned; frequently he helped himself with equal nonchalance to these admirers' cigars and wives. "Wagner must be worshipped like a god," babbled

Cosima's first husband, conductor-pianist Hans von Bülow. A man can hardly avoid sadism when his associates fall over each other to exhibit their masochism. Wagner's narcissistic garrulity helped him, as it has helped so many other social-climbing womanizers. (It failed to beguile Schumann, though. Of Wagner, Schumann complained: "He talks without ever stopping." Of Schumann, Wagner complained: "One cannot converse with anyone who never opens his mouth.")

The middle of Köhler's chronicle somewhat drags for a simple reason: Köhler—despite a fleeting reference to "the dreariness of his [Wagner's] life as a pure thinker"—seems much more interested in Wagner's theory than in his practice. The more draughts of metaphysical intoxicant Wagner imbibes, the more Köhler likes it. Drunk on Hegel, Fichte, Schopenhauer, Ludwig Feuerbach, and Friedrich von Schelling—drunk also on the anarchism of Bakunin, whom Wagner in Dresden knew and conspired with personally—Wagner enjoyed abundant leisure, after the collapse of Saxony's 1849 uprising, to philosophize until hell froze over or he paid off his creditors, whichever came first.

Such leisure did nothing for his expository gifts. From his embittered middle years, many of them spent in despondent Swiss exile, dates most of his worst literary output, including nearly all the material for his novelettish memoir; the diatribe *Judaism in Music* (at first published anonymously); and *Jesus of Nazareth*, his wretched libretto for a projected opera, exemplifying the "Mary Magdalen was Christ's concubine" genre which culminated in our own epoch with *The Da Vinci Code*. Happily for opera, Wagner's musical creativity burst forth even as his prose creativity shriveled. This phenomenon Köhler underrates.

Even in the book's early stages one senses a short-changing of Wagner the musician and more so in its central sections. It is frankly misleading to say of Wagner, as Köhler does, "In itself, music meant nothing to him." A creator for

whom music in itself meant nothing would never have shown Wagner's youthful proficiency in writing elaborate and thankless counterpoint. Neither would he have honed his skills in construction and orchestration by copying out entire Beethoven scores, as Wagner the novice did with atypical humility. (Since Köhler rightly mentions all this self-imposed studying, we may well wonder why he did not draw from it the obvious conclusion.) Wagner owed—a point numerous commentators have made—less to formal tuition than did any other great composer. With this musical autodidacticism, and assiduous acquisition of non-musical *kultur* as well, came a lifelong sense of unease. Always he lacked the cheery professional detachment of Rossini and Donizetti, who could toss off an entire opera within weeks, cynically recycling earlier music if punitive deadlines loomed.

The dedication with which young Wagner shed the hypertrophic clichés of his first major opera, *Rienzi*—major in bulk rather than in value—to arrive at *The Flying Dutchman*'s astonishing originality is among 19th-century art's most inexplicable and laudable developments. Yet reading Köhler, one somehow never fully realizes the change's importance. Köhler's overview of *Lohengrin* alternates inspired depiction of Wagner's instrumental techniques for limning the opera's villainess Ortrud, with pretentious schoolboy smut. Wagner intended *Lohengrin*'s prelude as an allusion to the Holy Grail; Köhler, alas, knows better. He calls this prelude "a musical evocation of the miracle of sexuality as so often depicted in the visual arts, not least by Bernini in his Ecstasy of Saint Teresa." For such pop-pycock, a 10-page excursus on *Judaism in Music*'s foolish spite hardly supplies sufficient compensation, any more than do Köhler's reports upon Wagner's flatulence and transvestite tendencies.

At times, Köhler's comments on Wagner's music are simply false. Wagner's stylistic debt to Liszt, far from having "always been treated as a taboo," receives ample mention in readily available sur-

veys of both men's oeuvres, and Wagner conceded the debt, albeit not in ways which Liszt welcomed. The ambiguous dissonance in *Tristan's* second complete bar remains indeed breathtaking—and has generated scholarly literature in oceanic magnitude—but Köhler's proclamation that this dissonance “rendered its listener deaf to traditional harmonies” is Whig drivel. Köhler maintains with equal implausibility that the *Ring* cycle's final episode, *Götterdämmerung*, “is concerned solely with politics.” (Solely?) Nor does Köhler communicate Wagner's achievement in substituting for his youthful tendency towards foursquare phrases a remarkable rhythmic suppleness. Several critics, despairing of conveying this suppleness in their own words, have applied to Wagner Coleridge's description of Shakespeare: “he goes on creating ... evolving B out of A, and C out of B, and so

Ludwig continuing to underwrite Wagner's dreams for what became the Bayreuth festival theater.

Köhler repeatedly emphasizes the panic that Cosima inspired in her spouse and goes so far as to blame her for impeding Wagner's creative powers. *Parsifal*, admittedly, came after their marriage, but Wagner composed most of *Parsifal* while in a frenzy of longing for Judith Mendès, daughter of poet Théophile Gautier. (Judith's inspirational role goads Köhler into another bizarre verdict: “Many writers on Wagner have been unable to grasp that works about love must have been based on the physical experience of love.” Somebody please tell this to Dante's Beatrice and Petrarch's Laura.) Cosima inflamed her husband's anti-Jewish and anti-French rhetoric; outlived him by 47 years; burnt mountains of his correspondence; and

maufry harms the Bard's. As early as 1889 Bernard Shaw urged fellow devotees to perform Wagner's music in England “instead of expensively embalming its corpse in Bavaria.”

Köhler writes with understandable impatience about Bayreuth's—and its approved historian's—opportunism, which has for decades resembled less a valid theatrical tradition than a heritage of Mafiosi. (Dare one say, in this context, “the Sopranos”?) During the Third Reich, Bayreuth cluttered the stage with Aryan supermen. Soon after the war, it made “de-Nazified” phallic symbols compulsory. It can now achieve nothing better than its odious recent *Parsifal*, in which Leninist buffoon Christoph Schlingensiefel transferred the action to Namibia while junking Wagner's specified Act III stage directions to make room for film footage of decomposing rabbits. Much more sensible to appreciate Wagner at home or via library headphones through the best complete Wagner recordings from the 1950s and 1960s, long ago transferred to CD. Conducted by the likes of Wilhelm Furtwängler, Rudolf Kempe, Hans Knappertsbusch, and Sir Georg Solti, these productions demonstrate a level of musical—especially vocal—expertise that leaves the rotting-bunny brigade for dead.

How often have we music lovers groaned inwardly at the prospect of hearing Wagner again, only to be swept up anew in his art's sheer charismatic majesty once the curtain actually rises or the CD actually begins! “A glorious sunset mistaken for dawn,” Debussy said of this art (although his words no longer resemble the reproach that they appeared to be during modernist ideology's heroic youth). “What a clever rattlesnake!” snickered the apostate Nietzsche, grown incapable of either tolerating Wagner or ignoring him. We can see what both men meant; but Wagner's most incandescent sonic triumphs evoke, rather, *Henry V's* chorus: “a muse of fire, that would ascend / The brightest heaven of invention.” ■

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VIENNA'S OPERA HOUSE GAVE TRISTAN 77 REHEARSALS THEN ABANDONED IT AS UNPERFORMABLE.

on, just as a serpent moves, which makes a fulcrum of its own body, and seems for ever twisting and untwisting its own strength.”

In 1864, Wagner turned 51, impregnated Cosima (both parties being still married to others), and received the first of those kingly benefactions that changed his life. By 1864, with a brace of seemingly superfluous operatic manuscripts under his belt (Vienna's opera house gave *Tristan* 77 rehearsals and then abandoned it as unperformable), he had so damaged his career that a brilliant future for him could have been predicted only by a lunatic. Fortunately there emerged just such a lunatic: that besotted *deus ex machina* Ludwig II. The enthusiasm—not to mention a villa and hard cash—that Ludwig lavished on the composer led to Munich's malcontents (wrongly) berating Wagner as a regal catamite. Köhler's narrative quickens when he recounts the sort-of-happy ending to Wagner's earthly existence (1864-1883), with Cosima as Wagner's ferocious champion and with

waged an impressive blackmailing operation against Ludwig, who dwelt in fear that his homosexual appetites would figure in a court case. Wagner himself leveled similar charges at Nietzsche, charges that in their falsehood reduced their victim to uncontrollable rage, though others will perhaps discern in Nietzsche's wrath at Nietzschean amorality a certain piquancy.

Somehow, amid all this strife and much else, Bayreuth came into being. Audiences for the complete *Ring's* 1876 premiere included Kaiser Wilhelm I (who with his habitual clumsiness told the composer, “I never thought you'd bring it off”), the faithful Ludwig, and Brazil's Emperor Pedro II, as well as Liszt, Bruckner, Saint-Saëns, and Tchaikovsky. But should this theatrical shrine have outlived Wagner? To contemplate Bayreuth's record since 1883 is to conclude that however needful the institution was in Wagner's lifetime, its survival now harms his cause, just as Stratford-on-Avon's voguish tourist galli-

[*Namath: A Biography*, Mark Kriegel, Viking, 447 pages]

Super Bowl Superhero

By Robert Stacy McCain

WHEN SUPER BOWL XXXIX kicks off Feb. 6 in Jacksonville, Florida, more than 140 million television viewers will tune in to watch the spectacle. The half-time show is not likely to be as sensational as last year's MTV-produced extravaganza, complete with a breast-baring "wardrobe malfunction" by Janet Jackson. Millions, however, will watch the show simply to see the commercials. The ten most-watched TV events in history are all Super Bowls, and advertisers use the opportunity to debut their most imaginative ads. At about \$2 million per 30-second spot—Anheuser-Busch alone will buy some \$25 million worth of commercial time—the Super Bowl XXXIX broadcast will generate more than \$100 million for the Fox network.

Oh, and there will also be a football game.

The commercial glitz and tawdry showbiz aspects of the Super Bowl have long since eclipsed whatever athletic significance the event once had. Much the same is true for Joe Namath, perhaps the man most responsible for making the elaborate hoopla of Super Bowl Sunday an annual ritual of American life.

Namath was one of the most gifted athletes ever to lace on a pair of cleats—the first pro quarterback to pass for more than 4,000 yards in a season—but his celebrity status, his notorious booze-and-broads lifestyle, and his identity as a symbol of the '60s sexual revolution have obscured his tremendous athletic accomplishments.

His abilities carried Namath from the small steel-mill town of Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania to international fame in the 1960s. He was the brightest star of the game at a time when televised sports were transformed from an occasional

weekend amusement shown in black and white into the full-color prime-time spectacle of Super Bowl Sunday.

Few of the millions of viewers who tune in Feb. 6 will know that the Super Bowl wasn't "Super"—neither officially nor in fact—until the third such game was played in 1969. The game originated with the 1966 deal that merged the National Football League with the upstart American Football League. Namath had something to do with that merger. In December 1964, when it was reported that the University of Alabama's senior quarterback was prepared to sign with the AFL's New York Jets for an unheard-of \$400,000, the headline-making offer signaled that the new league meant to compete seriously with the NFL. The bidding war for football talent eventually prompted a merger, and as part of the deal, the NFL-AFL championship game was first played in January 1967.

More than 30,000 seats were empty for that 1967 game, a mere afterthought to the NFL championship game. As Mark Kriegel writes in his Namath biography, "Those foolish enough to pay \$12 a ticket—an outrageous sum in those days—were rewarded with the Green Bay Packers' less-than-exciting win over

the reason was Joe Namath.

With his shaggy hair and sideburns, his dark Hungarian looks, and his slouchy posture, Namath defied the crew-cut all-American QB image typified by Bart Starr of the Packers and Johnny Unitas of the Colts. Shortly after he'd signed with the New York Jets, a *Sports Illustrated* cover photo featured Namath against a backdrop of Broadway lights, and the nickname "Broadway Joe" stuck, caricaturing him (not altogether unfairly) as a cocky, high-living showoff.

The brash young quarterback from the brash young league upped the ante for the 1969 Super Bowl when, at a dinner the Thursday night before the game, he declared, "The Jets will win Sunday. I guarantee it."

The Guarantee: With that one gesture, made in response to a heckler at a Miami Touchdown Club banquet, Namath ensured that the Jets' 16-7 win over the Colts in Super Bowl III would establish a legend that another 35 Super Bowls (most of them boring, lopsided blowouts) could do nothing to diminish.

Like the championship game he made famous, the memory of Joe Namath today is more about showbiz spectacle than about football—and that's a shame

NAMATH WAS ONE OF THE **MOST GIFTED ATHLETES** EVER TO LACE ON A PAIR OF CLEATS—THE **FIRST PROFESSIONAL QUARTERBACK** TO PASS FOR MORE THAN **4,000 YARDS IN A SEASON.**

the Kansas City Chiefs, 35-10, a score that seemed to vindicate the notion of the AFL as a Mickey Mouse league." The second NFL-AFL title match in 1968 was hardly more impressive: the Packers stomped the Oakland Raiders 33-14.

When the AFL's Jets took the field at the Orange Bowl in Miami on Jan. 12, 1969, they were 18-point underdogs to the NFL's Baltimore Colts. The game that followed, Kriegel aptly notes, was "sloppy, full of folly, frustration, and squandered opportunity." But it was also "the stuff of legend," as Kriegel says, and

because Namath was easily one of the most talented players the game had ever known. No less a judge of football prowess than legendary Alabama coach Paul "Bear" Bryant pronounced Namath the greatest athlete he'd ever seen. In 12 pro seasons, Namath completed 1,886 passes for 27,663 yards and 173 touchdowns, despite repeated injuries to his famously damaged knees.

Whatever his feats on the field, however, Namath was more than a football player. He was a symbol, an icon of an era of sudden cultural change. Namath's

star ascended at a time when several forces, including rising affluence and advances in communications, converged to help create a huge audience for televised football, the advertising revenue to pay for it, and the technology to produce it.

Kriegel notes that the 1965 Orange Bowl, Namath's final game for Alabama's Crimson Tide, was "the first major team sporting event to be [televised] at night"—advances in television technology had only recently made such a broadcast possible. Prime-time televised sports have now deeply ingrained themselves into American culture, and Joe starred in the first episode, completing an Orange Bowl record 18 passes in a losing effort against the national cham-

professors lectured in class, Joe would make mental lists of his conquests. 'Just to see how I was doing,' he said. Toward the end of his senior year, the list reached about 300. 'But that's a conservative estimate,' he acknowledged."

Were it anyone but Namath, such an estimate would be beyond belief. After all, this was Alabama—the Heart of Dixie, the very buckle of the Bible Belt—during the governorship of George Corley Wallace. But he was Namath, and who knows what wonders his green eyes, crooked grin, and dimpled chin might have worked with those Bama belles.

Namath's appetite for alcohol was equally prodigious. In his quickie 1969 autobiography (modestly titled *I Can't*

imagine what they'll do for yours") were once viewed as vaguely scandalous. But by the dawn of the 21st century, his image had mellowed in such a way that a real-estate investment firm hired Namath as spokesman at \$1 million a year, saying, "He's perfect for our demographic."

Perhaps more ironically, one of the world's most famous playboys ended up brokenhearted, a divorced father hopelessly devoted to his two young daughters. At 40, he married a young actress depicted by Kriegel as shallow and narcissistic. She eventually dumped Namath and took up with a Hollywood plastic surgeon. It was in a drunken stupor of self-pity after his divorce that Joe suffered his greatest embarrassment in 2003 when, during a sideline interview at a prime-time Jets game, he slurred at a female ESPN reporter, "I want to kiss you."

Given Joe's stardom, Kriegel observes that "the only place for him to hit rock bottom" was on national TV. Namath went into rehab and sobered up, and Kriegel concludes the unfinished saga of Broadway Joe with the star "tanned, energized, healthy," his "teeth ... as white as his shirt." Still super after all these years. ■

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UNDER "WOMEN," THE READER IS REFERRED TO 31 SEPARATE PAGES.

pion Texas Longhorns. The next day, the *New York Daily News* called Namath "the most exciting thing on television."

If he is now remembered less for his athletic ability than for his Broadway Joe persona, Namath himself is at least partly to blame. He was a world-class womanizer who never bothered to conceal his "love-'em-and-leave-'em" attitude.

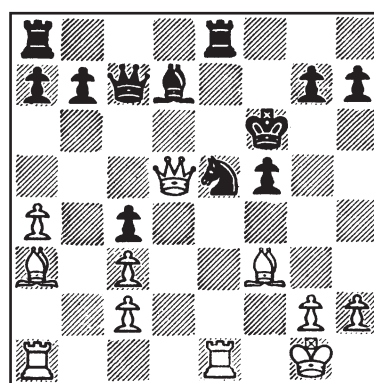
Joe was in his prime at the very dawn of the sexual revolution, a revolution he helped to advance. In the index of Kriegel's book, the line for "Namath and women" tells the reader to "see women," and under "women," the reader is referred to 31 separate pages. Sports fans today are accustomed to reading about the sexual adventures of athletes—the rape accusation against NBA star Kobe Bryant, the use of strippers to recruit players at the University of Colorado, *ad infinitum*—but it was not always thus. Old-time NFLers like Starr and Uintas were known as squeaky-clean family men. If athletics was once closely associated with moral virtue in the American psyche, Namath forever shattered that connection.

According to Kriegel, Namath's amorous exploits were legendary even as an undergraduate at Alabama: "As his

Wait Until Tomorrow ... 'Cause I Get Better-Looking Every Day), Namath included a chapter called, "I Like My Girls Blonde and My Johnnie Walker Red." He played with hangovers and sometimes had "a couple of Michelobs before practice." The morning of the 1968 AFL championship game, Namath was spotted leaving a hotel, blonde in tow, at 8 a.m.

Despite his image as an icon of the '60s counterculture, Namath was in many ways old-fashioned. Though he smoked some dope (it helped numb the pain of injuries), he was never part of the left-wing hippie scene. "I don't like to get involved in politics," Namath said after it became known he was on the Nixon administration's so-called "enemies list." He was patriotic. Of "The Star-Spangled Banner," he said during the height of anti-Vietnam War protests, "Every time I hear it before a game, it reminds me of where we are in the world, in life. I kind of thank God that we're in this country. When I hear it, I get chills."

There is irony in the Namath saga. His TV ads for shaving cream (with a then-unknown blonde named Farah Fawcett cooing, "take it all off") and pantyhose (if Hanes "can make my legs look good,



Fischer-Larsen

Candidates Semifinal Game One

Denver, 1971

Position after 21 ... Ne5

Totalitarian Chic



During the early '70s, male sartorial fashion had turned to the east. Communist China to be exact. The rage among men who thought they were with

it was the Mao, a rather ugly ensemble inspired by the bloodstained Chinese strongman Mao Tse-Tung. Old-fashioned types were not best pleased. I remember an incident at Brooks's Club in London, when an old duffer almost choked on his cigar when the writer (and later MP) Alan Clark jauntily breezed in wearing one. A kind member of the staff reminded Alan that a coat and tie were mandatory, to which Clark cheekily replied that in China they dress alike because they all look alike, whereas in England he needed to stand out. (He was, naturally, told to go home and change, which he promptly did.)

Personally, when this Hollywood-inspired fashion became *de rigueur* among the jet set, I was outraged. Mao had murdered tens of millions, far more than his mentor Joe Stalin and Adolf Hitler combined, plus he was at the time trying out a new experiment in group-think. It was euphemistically named re-education. This entailed putting people in concentration camps, brainwashing them for five years or more, and then letting them out to become coolies for Communist bigwigs living high on the hog.

That winter in Gstaad I had a brilliant idea. Not so smart, as it turned out. I entered an Eagle Club giant slalom race wearing a Wehrmacht helmet. Actually it was a Hasso von Manteuffel 5th Panzer Army relic, a "clean" outfit known for its bravery and adherence to the military honor code. Once I began racing down the Wasserngrat, I thought I heard someone shouting the word "Nazi," but

wasn't sure. Going back up on the chairlift, I heard yet again the word "Nazi" shouted at me. I gave a middle-finger salute in return. My explanation to friends, who laughingly asked me whether I had gone mad, was—and still is—as follows: if one can wear a Mao, or a hammer-and-sickle pin, one can wear a Wehrmacht helmet. We cannot be selective in our mass murderers.

Which of course brings me to Prince Harry. If one reads the British press, it is springtime for Hitler and Germany. Actually it is twilight for a 20-year-old who obviously has not read up on World War II history. Apart from everything else, Prince Harry got the crucial detail wrong. The Afrika Korps did not wear swastika armbands. They prided themselves on being honorable and ordinary soldiers. Starting with Field Marshal Rommel, not a single Afrika Korps officer or soldier ever wore the damn things. Prominent swastikas were later worn by SS Panzer troops—not the tankers but the infantry supporters—and SS elite storm troopers. The swastika was worn by Brownshirt thugs and the Gestapo. (Allied troops killed many surrendering Panzer troopers after mistaking their black tanker uniforms for Gestapo outfits.)

Harry, needless to say, represents the British royal family and is third in line to the throne. Someone should have caught him in time. It was a harmless prank, which I have seen tens of times in various British parties. Dressing up as a Gestapo officer seems to make the English laugh. But the hypocritical British

press has had a field day. The loudest grievances have come from the usual suspects, the anti-monarchists.

It's all been blown out of proportion. The Archbishop of Canterbury has been photographed wearing a German helmet and holding up two fingers to his nose to make a moustache. (He is a decorated veteran.) Humor is many-faceted. Dressing up as a German does not indicate a serious belief or view. The demands for the prince to make a groveling public apology say more about the outraged ones than the rather thick 20-year-old. How could he have foreseen that the kitsch Nazi imagery that has made "The Producers" such a smash hit these last 30 years could cause such ructions when he playfully adopted it himself? In Britain, "Dad's Army," "Allo, 'Allo," and "Fawlty Towers" are shows full of people dressed up as Nazis and making fools of themselves. Even during the war, humor was used as a weapon with which to belittle monsters. The Sex Pistols, an unspeakable but very popular rock band of the '70s, wore ripped swastika t-shirts.

Last December, I sat down to dinner with Barry Humphries at Sardi's, following the opening of his hit show "Dame Edna on Broadway." Next to me was Joan Juliet Buck, an old friend and former editor of French *Vogue*. She wore a hammer-and-sickle pin on her hat. "How would you like it," I asked her, "if I wore a tiny swastika on my lapel?" Joan did not like it. "It's not the same," she said. But I'm afraid it is. We are free to wear a pin that commemorates Communism, ignoring the enormity of Communist crimes. If anyone should be aggrieved, it is the few remaining Afrika Korps veterans who would have rather died than wear a swastika. ■

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